The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 120. Vol. XX. SEPTEMBER, 1901. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* September *will be noticed in the* October *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th October *in the* November *number.*

With this number "The Bookman" completes ten years of its publication. On another page will be found a review of the ten years' work by the Editor. We present with this issue a gallery of nearly a hundred contributors to "The Bookman" from October, 1891 to September, 1901. It should be explained that the gallery is in no way complete, as, unfortunately, it has been found impossible to obtain portraits of many most valued contributors.

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that Mr. Frank F. Lovell, the American publisher who originated the International Association of Newspapers and Authors, which sells "books by the million" at twenty-five cents through the Departmental Stores, has concluded arrangements in this country to issue twenty similar novels by popular authors, cloth bound, at a shilling. The first volumes will be ready in October, and two books will be published each week during the autumn. The advertising will be on an enormous scale, and the whole arrangements will be in the hands of the firm which has made such a success of selling works of reference on the instalment system. Mr. Lovell hopes to sell at least half a million copies of each novel.

Messrs. Methuen have arranged to publish a shilling Christmas Number, of 120 pp., entirely written by Miss Marie Corelli. It will contain several short stories, an allegory, an essay on a matter of current interest, and several poems.

We hear that a gigantic history of the world in a large number of volumes is in active preparation, and will be published through one of the newspapers.

The announcement in one of the trade papers that the business of Messrs. Routledge and Sons has changed hands is, we understand, premature, but it is true that important negotiations are in progress.

Mr. Robert Barr has at last completed his novel of political life, upon which he has expended an immense amount of pains. His experiences as a journalist have given the author of "The Mutable Many" a remarkable insight into American political intrigue, and the book will be awaited with much interest. We understand that "The Victors" has for its chief character a political boss who is a frank and unscrupulous exponent of the system of spoils or "graft." Christian Science plays an important part in the story. Perhaps Mr. Barr may now be induced to give us some of his reminiscences. Those who have heard him tell of his adventures among the Fenians know that such a book would afford exciting, not to say sensational, reading.

Sir Harry Johnston is at work on a long and important book on Uganda, which will be published next year.

Mr. Crockett has completed a new novel, "The Banner of Blue," a tale of the Disruption.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new and complete edition of the novels of Samuel Richardson is to be published in twenty volumes, with seventy-eight illustrations, many of which are in photogravure. The price will be 2s. 6d. net per volume in cloth, 3s. 6d. in leather. It is a curious coincidence that new editions of Richardson should be issued simultaneously in England and America without any arrangement between the publishers. Messrs. Chapman and Hall will have the whole twenty volumes of their edition ready on October 1st, and Messrs. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, have arranged to issue the work on their side. It is not unlikely that the American edition will be imported and published in this country. With the exception of the expensive edition of Richardson edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen, which is now out of print, no adequate and complete issue of his works has been published for nearly a century.

The libraries have risen in arms once again, and once again they have attacked the novel. This time they have unanimously declared that they will take no work of fiction unless the edges are cut all the way round. No doubt the public will hail this innovation with delight. The public has always been curious to know why books were not cut all round. As far as we know there are two reasons. Firstly, by leaving as much margin as possible on a cloth bound book, it gave the opportunity to the owner to have it bound in leather, as there was still enough paper left for the binder to deal with the edges without disfiguring the appearance of the page. Secondly, the edges of a book having been cut by a paper-knife, is one of the few methods that a bookseller has of distinguishing between a new and second-hand book. The first reason, we think,

may be dismissed; there are few works of fiction that require to be bound in expensive leather binding. There appears to be something in the second reason, but no doubt the bookseller will find means to overcome this difficulty.

Mr. Heinemann will publish this autumn the authorised translation of "Forma Gordyeef," by Maxim Gorky, the Russian tramp-author whose work is at present arousing widespread interest on the Continent.

"Dr'i and I," the new novel by the author of "Eben Holden," the English rights of which have been secured by Mr. Grant Richards, is a border tale of the American War of 1812. The scenes are laid in the same north country depicted in "Eben Holden," extending, however, in the French domain in Canada. Nearly 100,000 copies of the book have been sold before publication in America.

Mr. Heinemann is starting this autumn a Geographical Series, under the editorship of Mr. H. J. Mackinder, to be called "The Regions of the World—1900." The first volume is "Britain and the British Seas," written by the editor of the series. There are eleven other volumes arranged for up to date.

Mr. Henry James is writing a new novel, which Messrs. Constable hoped to be able to publish this autumn in connection with Messrs. Scribner, but owing to his being commissioned to write the serial story for *Harper's Magazine*, his other work has been put aside, and this novel will not be issued until the spring of next year.

Those who have read the manuscript of "A Lover's Progress, Told by Himself," which is shortly to be issued anonymously, say that it will create a sensation. Among the celebrities who figure in the story are, it is said, William I., Francis Joseph and Napoleon III., Bismarck, Victor Hugo, Strauss, Offenbach, Dumas fils, and many others. The authorship of the book is now an open secret, and has indeed been announced in America.

Mr. Augustine Birrell's new volume, uniform with the first edition of "Obiter Dicta," will contain papers on "John Wesley," "The Ideal University," and the "Reformation," and will probably be issued under the title "Miscellaneous Essays."

Mr. John Lane published early in the year an anonymous novel under the title of "The Aristocrats." The book has achieved a large amount of success, and so much curiosity has been expressed as to the writer, that we understand Mr. Lane has decided to put an end to speculation and rumour by printing on the title-page of the book the name of the author—Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

Messrs. Longmans will publish this autumn a book entitled "Roads to Rome," which is likely to create widespread interest. The book contains the personal records of some of the more recent converts to the Catholic faith, and Cardinal Vaughan contributes an introduction. Among those who have written for the volume are Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins), and Miss Adeline Sergeant.

Mr. S. Levett-Yeats has completed a new novel, "The Traitor's Way," the scene of which is laid in France just before the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish next month a novel by a new writer, Miss Maud Howard Peterson, entitled "The Potter and the Clay." Those who have read the manuscript are enthusiastic in its praise and in prophesying great things for the author, who, we understand, is only twenty-one. "The Potter and the Clay" deals with military life in India, and tells of the supreme fight between love and a soldier's honour.

"The Lion's Whelp," a new novel by Amelia E. Barr, is to be issued this month. It is a romance of Cromwell's time.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose popularity in the United States has occasioned a uniform edition of his works, has completed a new novel entitled "Circumstances."

Mr. Heinemann is publishing what we presume will form the first of a series under the general title of "Novelettes de Luxe." The first volume is called "While Charlie was Away," and is written by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow. It describes the trials and tribulations of a grass widow, told in a series of letters.

The cover for Mr. Baldry's Life of Hubert Herkomer has been designed by the celebrated artist himself. It is an extremely unique creation, and has been followed in facsimile by the binder, who has reproduced exactly the raised red and gold wax seals as originally modelled by Mr. Herkomer. In addition to the ordinary limited edition at £3 3s. net Messrs. George Bell and Sons are issuing eighty-five copies on larger paper, and containing an extra set of India proof plates, at £5 5s.

We announced last month that Messrs. Macmillan and Co. had in preparation "The Life and Works of John Raphael Smith" in two volumes, the first volume of which was to be illustrated by examples of the artist's works in half-tone. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have, however, decided that it will enhance the value of the production if these illustrations are reproduced in photogravure, of which there will be no less than thirty in the first volume. The second volume will consist of fifty examples of J. R. Smith's work in facsimile, in stipple, oil, chalk, and mezzotint.

Under the title of "Bell's Miniature Series of Painters" Messrs. Bell are about to bring out a new illustrated series of shilling monographs, designed mainly to help those who wish to take an intelligent interest in the works of the great painters, without going deeply into the study of art. Each volume will contain a short life of the artist, an informal essay on

his art, a special chapter on the works illustrated, a list of his chief pictures, etc. The first volumes deal with "Velasquez," "Burne-Jones," "Fra Angelico," "Watteau and his Pupils," "Watts" and "Romney." The first two will be ready in September.

Encouraged by the success of their "Great Masters" series, Messrs. Bell are about to publish a new series of illustrated handbooks on the "Great Craftsmen." Every variety of art-handicraft will be dealt with, and every volume will be written by an authority who has devoted special attention to the study of the craft in question. The first volumes will be "The Pavement Masters of Siena," by Mr. R. H. Hobart Cust; "Peter Vischer," by Cecil Headlam; and "The Ivory Workers of the Middle Ages," by Miss A. M. Cust.

Messrs. Bell have also in the press a new edition of Mr. Berenson's well-known book on "Lorenzo Lotto," which has been thoroughly revised, and will now appear with upwards of sixty illustrations.

Mr. Keighley Snowden has completed a new novel entitled "Barbara West," which Mr. John Long will publish this month. It is a story of provincial journalism in the eighties, with a strong plot, the main purpose of which is to plead for purer morals than are just now fashionable.

The lady who writes under the pseudonym of Leslie Keith has completed a new novel entitled "Penance."

The new Edinburgh Folio Shakespeare will be issued in forty parts, paged so as to be bound in ten volumes, but each part will be complete in itself and so cased in temporary binding as to be handled with convenience and to stand uninjured in the library. As already announced, Mr. W. E. Henley will edit the edition, which will keep as close to the first folio as possible and will be illustrated by ten authentic portraits of Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher, etc. The edition is to be limited to one thousand copies, of which 360 are for sale in America.

Mr. A. W. Marchmont has written a new novel on the lines of "By Right of Sword," which he calls "For Love or Crown."

Mr. Rider Haggard's novel in favour of Vaccination, "Dr. Therne," which was published a year or two ago, is to have a reply from the Anti-Vaccination Society in the form of another novel by its President, Lieutenant-General Arthur Phelps, who entitles his book "Lord Dorchester, or the End of Dr. Therne."

Messrs. Bell announce a new volume by Mr. Bernhard Berenson, entitled "The Study and Criticism of Italian Art." It consists of essays contributed by the author during the last ten years to various periodicals, chiefly the New York *Nation* and the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. Printed originally without illustration, they are here republished with the author's final amendments, and with forty-two illustrations, many of them made from private photographs of pictures which have never before been reproduced. The volume will be published early in September.

Mr. John Long announces a new book, "The Curse of Eden," by the author of that very successful work, "The Master-Sinner." Other novels on Mr. John Long's announcement list are "The Real Christian," by Lucas Cleeve, "The Golden Spur," by J. S. Fletcher, "Houses of Ignorance," by Frederick Carrel, and "The Green Turbans," by J. Maclaren Cobban.

In the preface to the new edition of Mr. Baildon's "Robert Louis Stevenson," which Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish immediately, the author replies to certain criticisms which have been passed on his work. In particular he meets the charge of inaccuracy brought against him with regard to the statement that "all the stories in 'The Dynamiter' are claimed by Mrs. Stevenson as hers with the exception of 'The Explosive Bomb.'" This statement, he says, was made on the authority of a note in Mrs. Stevenson's own writing, appended to the proof of Prof. Colvin's article in "The Dictionary of National Biography."

Mr. Vizetelly has translated Zola's "La Joie de Vivre," and Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish the book in the autumn. "The Joy of Life" is probably one of the most pessimistic of all Zola's works. There is hardly a touch of hopefulness in the whole story, which is essentially an analysis of human suffering and misery.

The Gollywog Book for 1901 is called "The Gollywog's Auto-Go-Cart!"

The Crown Prince of Siam has written a history of the War of the Polish Succession, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish this autumn. Mr. Fisher Unwin has also in preparation Mr. Harry Furniss's autobiography, which will be lavishly illustrated.

Arrangements have already been made to issue English, French, and German editions of Crispi's Memoirs. The book is not likely to be ready till the end of next year.

We understand that Mr. Fisher Unwin has purchased the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

Dr. John Watson's "Life of the Master" is to be issued in the most handsome form, with sixteen illustrations printed in colours from the paintings of the artist specially sent to Palestine in connection with the work.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish this autumn a new novel by Miss Amy Le Feuvre, entitled "A Daughter of the Sea."

With reference to our paragraph last month Mr. Eveleigh Nash requests us to state that all business communications should be addressed to him at 2, Whitehall Gardens, S.W., and not to his private address.

WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 20TH, 1901.

Expectation rather than realisation is the customary experience of the trade during the present period of the year. The past month has, however, proved to be somewhat of an exception. The demand has throughout been rather above the average and well sustained.

Fiction is at all times the principal item in the trade, and it is therefore not surprising that with a large proportion of the public holiday-keeping an especial preponderance of this class of literature should have been in request. Certainly the most popular of the new issues in the 6s. novels has been "Tristram of Blent," by Anthony Hope; but the sales of many previous works, such as "The Crisis," "The Grip of the Bookmaker," "The Casting of Nets," "A Serious Wooing," "Both Sides of the Veil," "The Luck of the Vails," and "Anna Lombard," have been very good.

Although the actual publication of "The Eternal City," by Hall Caine, does not take place until after we close this report, it has nevertheless formed an important feature in the business of the month. Orders for it have been coming in rapidly, and a considerable proportion of the 100,000 copies which form the first edition have already been disposed of.

In 3s. 6d. novels, "The Good Red Earth," by Eden Phillpotts, and "Her Royal Highness Woman," by Max O'Rell, have continued to be in constant request.

A cheap edition of "Bam Wildfire," by Helen Mathers, has also sold freely.

"The Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War" and "Trooper 8008 I.Y." have been the two works most in demand in connection with South African affairs; and "Peace or War in South Africa," by A. M. S. Methuen, has also been very successful.

The forthcoming celebrations in memory of King Alfred have created a demand for accounts of his life and reign. The most popular yet issued is the one by the late Sir Walter Besant.

Guide books have continued to sell freely, the "Way About Series" being very popular.

Sixpenny reprints have formed a bulky part of the trade of the month and very large numbers of the most popular have been sold. There is, however, a considerable amount of over-production now in this line, and several of the most prominent publishers have intimated that it is their intention to cease these issues.

The sale of periodical literature of a bright and chatty nature is always large during holiday seasons, and this has proved no exception to the rule. A considerable number of the most approved magazines and illustrated weeklies have been purchased.

The "Hundred Best" series of this or that subject have fallen very flat in several instances, and there is evidently an indication that the public have had more than sufficient of them.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the month:—

Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (J. Murray.)
The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Grip of the Bookmaker. By Percy White. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Casting of Nets. By R. Bagot. 6s. (Arnold.)
A Serious Wooing. By J. Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Methuen.)
Both Sides of the Veil. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Anna Lombard. 6s. (Long.)
Cinderella. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (J. Clarke.)
Sister Teresa. By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
Cinders. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Pearson.)
Penelope's Irish Experiences. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
The Lady of Lynn. By Sir W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)
Life of a Bee. By Maeterlinck. 5s. (G. Allen.)
Gordon's "Our Country's" Series. Each Vol. 6s. (Simpkin.)
Secret Chambers and Hiding Places. By Allan Fea. 10s. 6d. net. (Bousfield.)
Trooper 8008 I.Y. By H. S. Peel. 7s. 6d. (Arnold.)
Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War. By E. T. Cook. 12s. 6d. net. (Arnold.)
The Good Red Earth. By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Her Royal Highness Woman. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Bam Wildfire. By Helen Mathers. 1s. (Simpkin.)
Peace or War in South Africa. By A. M. S. Methuen. 1s. (Methuen.)
Story of King Alfred. By Sir W. Besant. 1s. (Newnes.)
Various Guide Books, especially the "Way About" Series.
Sixpenny Reprints, and a large amount of Magazines and Illustrated Periodicals.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 27—Quiet but steady sales.
Aug. 3—Better in Home departments. Very quiet in Export.
,, 10—A good week in all departments.
,, 17—Very satisfactory, especially in the Home trade.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

JULY 21ST TO AUGUST 21ST, 1901.

With fine summer weather and many facilities for tourists visiting the romantic and picturesque districts of Scotland, this season may be reckoned as the best experienced within recent years. Glasgow Exhibition, of course, continued to attract thousands of visitors from all parts, and these proved their presence to the booksellers by many demands for guide books, local histories, and travelling maps.

The leading event of the month's business was the issuing of Hall Caine's "Eternal City," which, on account of the fame of the author and the extensive advertising, had been eagerly looked for. The book was readily taken in large numbers by the trade, and has already proved an immense success. In addition to the great interest evoked in "The Eternal City," considerable orders were placed for the following forthcoming works:—Kipling's "Kim," Munro's "Shoes of Fortune," and Crawford's "Maid of Venice."

The most prominent 6s. novels were Anthony Hope's "Tristram of Blent," Besant's "Lady of Lynn," Moore's "Sister Teresa," Gray's "Four-Leaved Clover," Crockett's "Cinderella," and Gabriel Setoun's "Skipper of Barncraig."

The sixpenny reprints most in evidence were "The Mill on the Floss," "Rab and his Friends," "Vice Versa," "Clara Vaughan," "My Japanese Wife," with many others which had been considered as having ceased to be of general interest.

Railway bookstall sales were mostly made up of these sixpenny re-issues, a few smart selling shilling books, such as Barry Pain's humorous volumes, and an unusually large demand for magazines, so much so that the following popular monthlies passed out of print:—*Pearson's*, *Windsor*, and the *Woman at Home*.

In anticipation of the early opening of the various schools and Universities throughout Scotland, booksellers gave much attention to this department of the trade, as increasing care is necessary to accurately anticipate educational requirements, which is not at all lessened by the keen competition between the various school-book publishers. The leading feature in magazines was the appearance of the first part of Cassell's "Pictorial Britain and Ireland," with a Rembrandt photogravure of McWhirter's famous painting, "Edinburgh from Arthur's Seat."

The following is our list of best selling books during the month:—

At Six Shillings.

The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.)
Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. (Murray.)
Lady of Lynn. By Sir Walter Besant. (Chatto.)
Serious Wooing. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Methuen.)
Sister Teresa. By George Moore. (Unwin.)
Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
Four-Leaved Clover. By Maxwell Gray. (Heinemann.)
Cinderella. By S. R. Crockett. (Clarke.)
Skipper of Barncraig. By Gabriel Setoun. (Constable.)
Love and his Mask. By M. Muriel Dowie. (Heinemann.)
Grip of the Bookmaker. By Percy White. (Hutchinson.)
Her Grace's Secret. By Violet Tweedale. (Hutchinson.)
Alice of Old Vincennes. By M. Thompson. (Cassell.)

Miscellaneous.

Her Royal Highness Woman. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
More Gal's Gossip. By A. M. Binstead. 3s. 6d. (Sands.)
Peace or War in South Africa. 1s. (Methuen.)
Punch's Holiday Book. 1s.
Barry Pain's Shilling Books. (Unwin.)

And the following Sixpenny Reprints.

The Mill on the Floss. By George Eliot.
My Japanese Wife. By Clive Holland.
Devlin the Barber. By B. L. Farjeon.
A Maker of Nations. By Guy Boothby.
Lunatic at Large. By J. S. Clouston.
Vice Versa. By F. Anstey.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler.
Clara Vaughan. By R. D. Blackmore.
Rab and his Friends. By Dr. John Brown.

NEW WRITER.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

IT is not often that a seaman is endowed with the artist's temperament, or, to put it in another way, it is rare to find an artist of high accomplishment springing suddenly from the ranks of those "who go down to the sea in ships." But rare as this is, it is still rarer to find a foreigner handling the language of his adopted country with a greater ease and brilliance than ninety-nine out of a hundred native writers themselves. Yet it is this unlikely combination that is to be found in the work of Mr. Joseph Conrad.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

Mr. Conrad's life has from the beginning been rich in change. Born in 1857 in a southern province of Poland, where his family had been settled for many years, he was soon to share in the unsettled lot of his generation. His father, a noted critic and poet, established a review on patriotic lines in Warsaw, but was arrested by the Russian Government shortly before the Polish rising in 1862. Both sides of Mr. Conrad's family were implicated in the rising, his mother being exiled to the northern Provinces of Siberia, where she died.

Educated in a school in Cracow, Mr. Conrad early showed a boyish passion for the sea, and after a short stay in France decided to try his luck on board an English vessel. He shipped on a collier trading between Lowestoft and the Tyne, where he soon picked up the rudiments of English from the East-coast sailors. Later on he sailed in deep-water ships between London and Australian ports, and in his story "Youth" will be found some record of these early experiences, and a study of the way in which the life of the sea with all its hardships, dirty work, prosaic experiences, as well as perils, appears as pure romance and enthralling glamour to ardent boyish eyes. In 1884 Mr. Conrad qualified as Master, and released himself from his allegiance to Russia by naturalising as a British subject. Never attaching himself to any line of ships, but seeking variety in the pursuit of his profession, Mr. Conrad, after 1885, found his work in the Eastern Seas, and in the Pacific, where he commanded both in steam and sail.

In 1890 he returned to London for a long stay, and also for the sake of visiting his native place in Poland, from which he had been absent for over twenty years. It was at this period that he began to write his first novel, "Almayer's Folly," the scene of which is laid in the Malayan Archipelago. He put his literary work on one side, however, for further experiences and work in Belgian Congo, where he went in 1891 ostensibly to command a river steamer, but in reality prompted by his curiosity to see what the life actually was in that "heart of darkness." This curiosity was fully satisfied. He returned from the Congo very ill. This was the newest experience of all, he never having had a day's illness since the age of sixteen. Those who are curious about Belgian Congo, but who wish to stay at home, may be directed to two of Mr. Conrad's tales, "An Outpost of Progress" and "The Heart of Darkness," where the amenities of civilisation brought to that benighted land by the devoted Europeans are touchingly described.

After reaching England Mr. Conrad's health was seriously affected, so seriously that after two more years' trial of the sea he decided that he would have to forsake that life of his choice in which he can remember many hard days, but not a single day of bitterness. He accordingly settled seriously to work at literature, and after finishing "Almayer's Folly," Fate signalised her approval of his decision by tempting him to invest and lose all the money he had in "South Africans"—another exciting experience which, except for the obvious inconvenience of the thing, he does not regret.

The almost immediate success which attended his first literary efforts is known to all readers of THE BOOKMAN, and it is safe to say that few books are awaited with more eagerness than Mr. Conrad's new work, "The Typhoon," which Mr. Heinemann will issue in a few weeks.

The Reader.

TEN YEARS OF "THE BOOKMAN."

THE present number of THE BOOKMAN is the one hundred and twentieth. Thus the periodical has completed ten years of life. It is no easy matter in these days to establish a successful literary periodical, and the circumstances may perhaps be held to justify me in a brief retrospect.

It is fifteen years ago at least since I first planned a monthly literary magazine. The idea was suggested by a periodical entitled the *Register*, which lived about two years, and was published, I think, in the sixties. The projector was a Mr. Weldon, of whom I know very little. He allowed country booksellers to put their name on copies they purchased, and so I knew the periodical as *Milne's Register*—our copy being supplied by Messrs. A. and R. Milne, of Aberdeen. The *Register* was a small paper in green covers. It opened with one or two pages of literary notes and comments, and contained short signed reviews of the more important books of the month. Among the contributors were W. M. Rossetti and Walter Thornbury. It was a pioneer publication in its way, and was well edited; but anonymous reviewing was then the rule, as indeed it is now, and I doubt whether the *Register* ever had a circulation. The advertisements were also few in number. After I had planned THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Scribner, of New York, commenced their *Bookbuyer*, which suggested to me the idea of using illustrations. But being employed in the hard work of establishing a new weekly journal, I was not free to issue THE BOOKMAN for several years.

It was urged at the time, and has been urged since, that THE BOOKMAN should be a weekly journal. My view was, and is, that many who care for books will not read a weekly literary paper, and that those who will are amply provided for. I thought that in a monthly journal a fairly complete conspectus of contemporary literature might be given—enough to meet the needs of a considerable class in this country and in our colonies. I also thought that the magazine form gave an opportunity for some features which might be less suitable in a weekly review. The experiment of a monthly was, of course, less costly than that of a weekly journal.

Looking back, I find that there has been no material departure from the original scheme of the paper. The title did not please some of my friends. In particular, the late Professor Drummond urged that *Literature* should be adopted as rounder, fuller, and more dignified. I need not say that a respected contemporary now bears that name, but I have never repented my choice. I meant the paper to be useful to Bookbuyers, Bookreaders and Booksellers. The "News Notes" were specially abundant in the first number, but it was generally thought that too much space was given to them and they were curtailed. There are difficulties in providing a continual supply of fresh news for a monthly journal; many paragraphs are anticipated by the daily and weekly papers; but it may fairly be claimed that many important announcements have been made for the first time in THE BOOKMAN and quoted all over the world. To authors, publishers, and others who have helped me in this way I am deeply grateful. One of the main features of THE BOOKMAN has always been "The Reader"—articles on general literary subjects as much up to date as possible. I have earnestly wished to make the paper useful to journalists, but efforts in this direction have been less successful than I had hoped, though many valuable and interesting papers have appeared. In the first volume some admirable discussions of difficult points in journalism were contributed by Mr. J. A. Spender, now the distinguished editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. Booksellers have been always carefully considered and their help has been most valuable. Many leading booksellers have contributed lists of the best selling books each month. This feature has been widely copied. The chief wholesale booksellers of England and Scotland contribute monthly reports on the state of trade. These may be regarded as the most important statements on the subject. Problems of special interest to booksellers—such as the abolition of the three-volume novel and the discount system—have been fully discussed. A very important section of the magazine has been given to reviews, and in very many cases these have been signed. I have earnestly desired that these reviews should be fair, competent, and temperately written. The list of reviewers will speak for itself. Special attention has been given to new and promising writers. In many cases promise freely recognised in these columns has been amply fulfilled. Some writers can produce one good book and no more.

At the outset I specially desired to enlist the services of two contributors, Mr. F. Espinasse and Mr. J. M. Barrie. In reading the old volumes of the *Critic* I had recognised in Mr. Espinasse, who wrote under the pen-names of Frank Grave and Herodotus Smith, a man deeply read in literary history and able to communicate his knowledge in a delightful way. Mr. Espinasse contributed to THE BOOKMAN the series of articles entitled "The Carlyles and a Segment of their Circle," and other papers. These were afterwards published under the title "Literary Recollections," and the volume is one of fascinating interest and permanent value. Mr. Barrie gave me generous help with my first number, but he was then closing his brilliant career as a journalist and devoting himself to fiction and the drama. Afterwards he contributed his poem on the death of R. L. Stevenson. From the beginning Miss Annie Macdonell, known as the writer of an excellent monograph on Thomas Hardy, assisted me in the editorial department, and she has contributed to almost every number that has been published. To the second number Mr. Walter Pater sent an article, which was, if I am not mistaken, the last criticism he ever wrote. My lamented friend Professor Minto was unfailing in his help, and I make special note of his papers on Mr. Hardy's Work, and on "Q." Nor am I likely to forget the services of the brilliant contributor who thinly veils himself under the signature Y. Y. I made a special journey to Oxford to secure his help. If anything better has been written on Kipling and Stevenson than his articles in THE BOOKMAN I do not know it. I have a special pride in remembering that some of the finest lyrics of W. B. Yeats first

REV. S. BARING GOULD. SIR G. DOUGLAS, BART. JOHN OLIVER HOBBES. WILLIAM WATSON. G. FORRESTER SCOTT. JANE BARLOW.

From Photographs by Elliott & Fry, Mackintosh, Fredk. Hollyer.

appeared in THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Yeats was then little known, but I ever believed in him as the first of the younger poets. He has contributed to THE BOOKMAN many articles and reviews, among which I may mention his estimate of Robert Bridges. Mr. William Watson was another contributor of excellent criticism, and of at least one poem. But to recapitulate the leading contents would take too much space. Suffice it to say that I am proud to mention among the roll of contributors The Bishop of Derry, Professor Saintsbury, Professor W. M. Ramsay, Professor Marcus Dods, Professor W. H. Bennett, Professor C. H. Herford, Professor Macalister, Professor George Adam Smith, Professor Dowden, Professor W. P. Ker, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Dr. William Barry, Mr. William Canton, Dr. William Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Shorter, Mr. Oscar Browning, Mr. J. H. Round, Sir George Douglas, Dr. Garnett, Dr. Hay Fleming, Mr. S. R. Crockett, Ian Maclaren, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Mr. Neil Munro, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. A. J. Butler, Mr. T. E. Page, Professor David Masson, Mr. W. Hale White, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, Mr. E. K. Chambers, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Professor Max Müller, Sir M. E. Grant Duff, Mr. Ashcroft Noble, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. L. F. Austin, Mr. F. Hindes Groome, Mr. Walter Pye, Mr. James Douglas, Mr. Louis Garvin, Maarten Maartens, Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, Mrs. Meynell, Miss Fowler, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Miss Jane Barlow, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mr. Harold Spender, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, Dr. George Smith, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, "Benjamin Swift," Mrs. Tynan Hinkson, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, Professor A. S. Wilkins, Mr. T. J. Wise; and the list, as will be seen from a glance at the portraits in this number, might very easily be lengthened.

The first number of THE BOOKMAN was very well received, and had an exceptionally large sale. This naturally decreased till the level was reached, and then increase began and has steadily continued. In 1895 my friend Mr. Dodd, of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., of New York, commenced the *Bookman* of New York in friendly alliance with THE BOOKMAN of London. Under the care of Professor Peck, Mr. James Macarthur, and Mr. Maurice the American *Bookman* has gone on, till it is now the most widely circulated literary journal in the world. In 1898 I obtained the very valuable aid of Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams as assistant editor. Since then the magazine has been enlarged to meet the demands of the situation, and the illustrations have been very largely increased. The result has been that the sale has been more than doubled, and it is steadily growing. I am not in a position to compare the circulation with that of its contemporaries, but I should not fear a comparison. THE BOOKMAN is read by bookmen all over the British Empire.

It has been a great pleasure to edit it; my relations with proprietors, contributors, authors, publishers, booksellers, and readers have been of the most agreeable kind. I do not care to say anything about the future beyond this—that we shall endeavour to develop it steadily—to make it more valuable, more interesting in every way.

Other projects are in view. To those who have seriously engaged in it literary history is the most fascinating of all studies, but in the literary history of England there is still much to be accomplished. Already I have planned a history of English literature which will first be published in connection with THE BOOKMAN, probably in monthly parts, and will be issued in two or three years from this time. For this many novel features have been arranged. It is a dream of mine to establish a quarterly wholly devoted to English literary history and criticism. Such an organ is greatly needed for the publication of texts, the discussion of problems, the making known of discoveries. Many figures in our literature ought to be deliberately re-estimated. Such an organ cannot, in the nature of things, bring much money to anyone connected with it, but I think that in the British Empire and in America a constituency could be found numerous enough to provide against loss. I shall greatly value communications on this subject, and shall do my best to answer them.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

"THE ETERNAL CITY."

(1) BY THE HON. AND REV. J. G. ADDERLEY, M.A. (AUTHOR OF "STEPHEN REMARX.").

THERE will be stupid, unimaginative people who will laugh at Mr. Hall Caine and say that he and his new book are impossible. But they will be the people who would prefer a photograph to a Turner, or a Blue Book to the Sermon on the Mount. We need not mind them.

To those who want a fresh inspiration, a new encouragement, "The Eternal City" will appeal. I refuse to see in it nothing but an exciting melodrama, full of artificialities and clap-trap. Simply as a novel it seems to me—not that I am any judge—decidedly above the average. There is

in places a wealth of imagery and scenic description which it would be hard to find surpassed. I think the description of Rossi and his companions when they are inclined to doubt him, the interview between the Cardinal and Rossi, and the latter's speech in the Chamber (p. 193) are quite of the highest order.

It is also most refreshing in a modern novel dealing with Rome to find no vulgar abuse of our fellow-Christians and their ways, and to read a Protestant author who can really appreciate the beautiful side even of the much-abused Confessional.

But it is as a novel of the new social reform that "The Eternal City" is of importance. I may say at once that I do not think it in the least likely that there will be a social revolution headed by the Pope, or one in which the Romish Church will take a leading part on the right side. Certainly it will not come about until there has been a much more searching internal reformation within the Romish Church itself first. At the same time, for Mr. Hall Caine's purposes, it was clever of him to place the scene of his story in the Eternal City. It was only in the theory of the Roman Church that he could find an Unity of Christians essential to his idea. He might have placed the scene in New York, and made his revolution work in with the triumph of "Americanism" as against Vaticanism. But he would have lost the magic of the name of "Rome." He might have tried London, but he would have been overwhelmed by the divisions of Christians, the melancholies of Puritanism, and the dullness of the "Anglican Establishment." Fancy Roma at Lambeth Palace, or Rossi at a chapel tea-meeting! The idea is absurd.

"The Eternal City" will do a good teaching work amongst us. It will first of all help to disabuse the minds of some persons of the idea that all drastic social reform is anarchism and ultimately regicide. Mr. Hall Caine goes perilously near to the rocks of physical force anarchism. There are times when even a progressive Radical will feel he must part company with him, and yet he never actually gets us into a wreck. Rossi rides triumphant over the waves, a gentleman and a Christian to the last, and we breathe again. This is the strength of the book. On the one hand, the extremist cannot say that the problems dealt with in the book are not the great broad problems of national and social life: he cannot shrug his shoulders and say, "This is only another wishy-washy handbook of soup-ticket socialism which does not attempt to touch the real fundamental evils which are at the bottom of our troubles." On the other hand, the timid dabbler in politics cannot dismiss the book as a red-hot Anarchist tract. Both sides are compelled to attend to Rossi, or, shall we say, to Mr. Hall Caine while he unfolds to us principles which no thoughtful person can gainsay. Here we have it writ large that many of the principles upon which modern society is based are, from a moral point of view, quite indefensible; that some, from a Christian standpoint, are outrageously inconsistent. It is equally clearly written that the way to reform is also moral and Christian. Yet again we are shown that mere doctrine is not enough. There must be the bold application of it. Men must be willing to be martyrs for the truth. We only wish there were some *Rossis* amongst us. The "slump" in "Christian Socialism" at the present day is due to their absence. Perhaps Mr. Hall Caine will inspire some young man to play the part in England. Such a man need not be afraid that he will find himself in prison. There is much that can be done before Holloway Gaol, or even the Clock Tower, is reached! Writing as a Churchman, I may say that it rejoices me to find that our author sees that the most effective engine of social reform would be, not a new society, but the old one re-organised and made to work. In this, no doubt, he strikes a note that will find a response in the hearts of all good Christians. For we are all, Churchmen and Nonconformists alike, coming to see that the oldest form of Christianity is "social," and that our Lord did intend to save the human race by gathering them into a kingdom, and not merely by isolated conversions. No doubt a return to primitive Catholicism is still afar off, but the idea is in the air. Was it not Mr. Stead who implored the present Pope to re-unite all Christians at least on one point, the observance of Sunday? But is there no other point on which we are all agreed? This novel, with its "kingdom founded on the Lord's Prayer," at least suggests that there may be.

No doubt Mr. Hall Caine's programme has its limitations and its faults. It is, for instance, more negative than positive. In this it shares the mistakes of our King's Accession Oath. Of the seven points in Rossi's creed, on page 169, only two are positive—to pray and to suffer. The rest is all protestantism. So again there is very little about sin or penitence, and almost nothing about grace. We still wait for a Rossi who will search men's hearts and make them feel that the evil is within them, that man doth not live by bread alone, taxed or not, that a new birth of men is more necessary than a new birth of ideas. But this the Church will supply when the Rossis come and are humble even as the Saviour in whose clothes they want to dress.

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(2) BY THE VERY REV. DEAN WALSH, ST. MARY'S R.C. CHURCH, DOUGLAS.

Hall Caine's "Eternal City" is a pleasing contrast to the venomous bitterness of Marie Corelli's caricature of Rome and the Catholic Church in the "Master Christian." Whilst "The Eternal City" is essentially a book of fiction, still from the first page to the last there is ever manifest the honest aim of the author to be true to fact in the entire setting of his story. Much time and care have clearly been employed in securing accurate knowledge of the ritual of the Catholic Church, of the administration of the Sacraments, and, above all, of the theology of the Seal of Confession. The descriptions of local scenes are charmingly vivid to those who are familiar with Rome.

No doubt the romance thrown around the Pope's early life, when he was still a layman, will grate upon Catholic ears. Still, granting that such a bold element in the plot was once decided on, it could not well have been carried out more delicately. The tone of the book is certainly not anti-Catholic, but rather the earnest endeavour to picture the Church as she appears to the unprejudiced non-Catholic observer in the full flow of modern life. The strong language of the Socialist hero is softened down when he speaks of the Pope personally—he is ever a "living saint." Pope Pius X. is a foremost figure in the book—"his face was beautiful, and had a ray of beatified light upon it, a face

SIR JOHN LENG, M.P. DR. GEORGE SMITH, C.I.E. ELIZABETH ROBINS. THE LATE PROF. MINTO. MRS. CLEMENT K. SHORTER. THE LATE SIR WALTER BESANT.

From Photographs by Dupont, New York, and S. J. Porter, Ventnor.

of marvellous sweetness and great spirituality." The account of the solemn papal blessing (p. 53) and the giving of the last sacraments to a dying worldling (p. 359) are admirably described. The conversation between the Pope and the Capuchin Father on the Seal of Confession (p. 423, etc.) is most interesting. "My duty to the penitent who reveals his soul to me is to preserve his secret" is the true doctrine of the Church as expressed by the Capuchin Friar. Of the delightful local touches with which the book abounds, this lovely scene at eveningtide must suffice: "The angelus was ringing from all the church bells of Rome, the city was bathed in crimson light, the sun was sinking behind Monte Mario, and the stone pines on the crest of the hill, standing out against the reddening sky, were like the roofless columns of a ruined temple."

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(3) By Dr. Joseph Parker.

In consequence of the holidays on the one hand, and very limited notice on the other, I have to write this brief review of Mr. Caine's book almost on the roadside, whilst the printer's boy is waiting for copy. Under such feverish circumstances I must apologise to Mr. Caine himself for the poor trim in which I appear amongst those who from head to foot are clothed in fit raiment, without stain of travel or sign of haste. My attention has been called to the fact that the Eternal City is longer (speaking of mere length) than the Old Testament. Speaking as a preacher, I am not afraid to say that I should not like to undertake to read the Old Testament and write a review of it in six days. That would be to repeat the wonders of its own first chapter. Yet I will not exclude myself from the symposium which the editor has invited me to attend, but will say what comes first to my grateful lips.

What do I always expect from Hall Caine? First of all, I expect ample canvas; nothing less than fifteen feet by ten will satisfy so spirited and competent an artist. Mr. Caine prepares to be great, really means to be great, and, in my judgment, always succeeds in being great. Mr. Caine is no Hampstead Heath photographer who does fifteen copies for a shilling, each growing fainter and fainter, until the fifteenth is a wraith frightened by its own paleness. Mr. Caine is a very giant in artistic strength. He never consults the subject of his brush, because as an artist he justly despises at once lay opinions and the feelings of admiring but ignorant relatives. Has Mr. Caine taken canvas enough in this book? Beyond all question. Six hundred pages of solid type is canvas enough for any brush, so much so that I am strongly inclined to denounce any book that is more than half the size, no matter what its merits, for I hold that even genius should be protected from suicide by some Act of Limited Liability. Mr. Hall Caine would be the most prodigal of literary sons were it not that even in the farthest country he never spends more than the interest of his capital and never begins to be in want.

Next to the ample canvas is the minuteness and exquisiteness of the portraiture, whether personal or scenic. Out of this book I undertake to bring pictures enough to crowd the walls of the Royal Academy itself. On page after page there are single sentences that are complete pictures—there are, indeed, thousands of them throughout the book. The author seems to dream in pictures. He sees the great panorama all at once, and never, to my thinking, is there a line out of place or out of proportion. Take the opening description of the Papal procession. We are present at the whole scene. We see every gleam of colour; we are introduced to every leading character; we feel the rustling of the Pope's long white sleeves; we speak to cardinals and priests of every name as by right of old acquaintance. The description is no wax figure exhibition; nor is it a kind of zoological gardens out of doors on a Bank Holiday; all the people are alive, responsible, and indeed in some way religious; the spectacular splendour and the popular discontent are so skilfully worked as to become parts of one another.

From Mr. Hall Caine I always expect well-conceived and intricate plots, nor am I disappointed as to plotting and surprise in the evolution of this book. From beginning to end it is a plot finely wrought. From the first page wonder is excited, and is so skilfully tantalised that the reader must follow the complications, the doublings, the disguises, the re-appearances, and the general intermixture of personalities and events, to the very end.

As to the moral teaching or influence of this enthralling book I must reserve myself until I can give it a more thorough perusal; meanwhile I am concerned only with the genius, the art, and the intellectual fertility of the author, and along this line my satisfaction is complete and overflowing.

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(4) By Ian Maclaren.

The book only came twenty-four hours ago, and, therefore, although I have read every one of the 600 pages, this must be taken as only an impression. If it had been unfavourable or even doubtful, I should have regarded it as an impertinence to publish it, for it were a literary crime that anyone—and far more a humble story-teller—should, after one swift reading, criticise a work on which a distinguished

writer has expended the whole force of his genius. But when the impression is one of respect and admiration, it is pardonable to express it.

The motive of the book is that question which more than any other is taking hold of the modern imagination in Christian countries—how the contradiction between the creed of Christianity and the customs of Christian nations is to be reconciled, how the sublime ethical teaching of the Master is to be fulfilled. And the scene is laid in that city where our religion achieved her first triumphs and faces her keenest problems.

The story, through whose varied and picturesque play the subject is wrought out, is excellent in conception, and is sustained without flagging through all the pages. It is not historical, for the Pope, and the Minister, and the King, and the Reformer are all imaginary, David Rossi being, however, distinctly of the school of Mazzini; but this only allows the author the more freedom. He is rather a prophet than a historian. There are not one or two but a dozen scenes of profound human emotion and intense dramatic interest, of which perhaps the most tragic is the meeting between the Pope—a noble creation—and his son. The ecclesiastical work is perfectly done, with accuracy, reverence, and beauty. The heroine, although she was frail, wins one's heart, and holds it to the end. The tears of things are in the book—the conflict of forces, the disasters of love, the problems of faith, the confusions of society, and if there be no comedy—well, we cannot ask everything of any single man except Shakespeare. "The Eternal City" is beyond anything Mr. Hall Caine has yet given us, and is a brilliant success. If there be a flaw in the marble, perhaps the last chapter might have been left out, and the narrative might have been shortened here and there with advantage, but this is a matter of opinion.

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(5) By WILLIAM CANTON.

In "The Eternal City" Mr. Hall Caine has filled an enormous canvas. And he has achieved his task with such marked ability, with a verve so admirably sustained, with an affluence of talent so conspicuous, that as one closes the volume one regrets that it cannot be honestly said that the big book is, in the highest sense of the word, a great book. If I may compare Mr. Hall Caine with himself, it seems to me that "The Eternal City" is immeasurably superior to "The Christian," but neither as a whole nor in isolated episodes does it rise to the level of the latter half of "The Deemster." There we had the simplicity, the strength, the poignancy of genius; here we have no more than talent, though it is obvious that the talent is of an exceptional calibre.

To touch briefly on the points which appear essential, the vital defect of "The Eternal City" as a great work is its pervading unreality. In several places the reader is carried away, but the glamour is intermittent, and the fairy gold is continually changing to withered leaves. I am curious in regard to the surprises of the plot, the striking situations—and where these are not melodramatic, and indeed where they are, they are well devised and effective—but in David Rossi I am not, except at intervals, genuinely interested. Baron Bonelli seems to me a transpontine rascal, whose retributive end is mere melodrama of the cheapest description; the Pope is a celestial shadow; and the subordinate characters, with two notable exceptions, are little better than lay-figures. These two are the shaggy-headed giant Bruno and Father Pifferi, the Pope's Capuchin confessor; these are veritably alive, human, lovable in their way. As for the heroine Roma, it is not until the tragic net has closed about her that one is able to regard her with sympathy, and I doubt if pity ever grows into a warmer emotion. From the outset and far into the book her dubious character, her flippancy, and a certain tone of vulgarity keep the reader at bay. She is a Roman princess, and one thinks of other great and beautiful Italian women in fiction, and marvels at the difference. A heroine can never be smirched with impunity, and though her destiny moves to compassion, I fear that not even the large-hearted declaration of the good confessor, Father Pifferi, suffices to expunge the evil impression from the reader's consciousness.

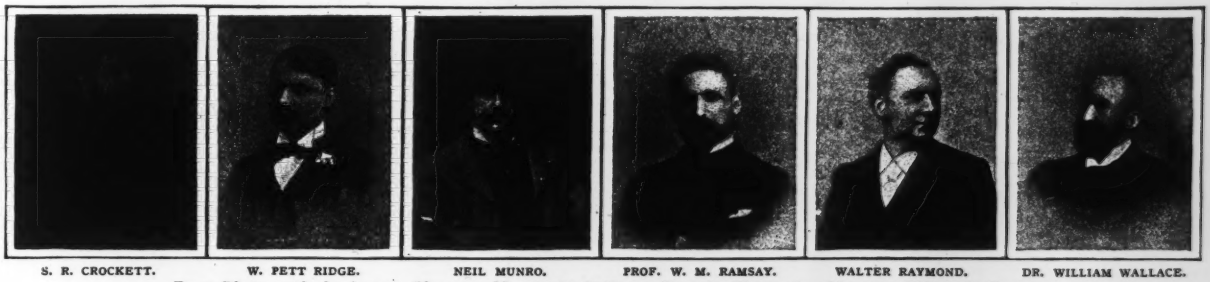
Then the great socialistic idea, which is the motive power of the book, floats over it as an extravagantly romantic dream. One cannot believe in the abdication of the King, in the Pope's renunciation of the temporal power (and here may I venture to congratulate the author on his sane and respectful treatment of Catholicism and the Papacy?), in the ten years' war which is to bring in the millennium of peace, nationalisation of land, and the brotherhood of the race. For these we must look to the long and retarded "process of the suns."

In an attempt to set down a rough estimate of such a work, minor details must be neglected, otherwise it might be mentioned that the Gordon statue was not set up in Trafalgar Square three years before Gordon's death (p. 129), and according to popular belief the police do not expel political refugees from London *(ibid.)*. These things are trifles, but they raise doubts as to more important details with which, in a Zolaesque profusion, the description of Rome and the Romans is picturesquely but too obtrusively crowded.

MONTAIGNE.

By G. FORRESTER SCOTT.

WHEN Thackeray says, in one of the "Roundabout Papers," "Montaigne and 'Howel's Letters' are my bedside books. I love, I say, and scarce ever tire of hearing the artless prattle of the two dear old friends"—surely, as Trench of that confounding Miltonic reference to Shakespeare's "woodnotes wild," we can only "wonder that of all the commentators not one has cared to explain to us what the—essayist—meant." Perhaps it may pass to suppose the judgment a night-cap affair; that outside the curtains the two dear old friends knew their differences; and that the Perigourdin gentleman took leave by daylight to hold discourse that was not altogether artless. It is rather bewildering, without some such accommodation as this, to be obliged to put Thackeray's conception of the



S. R. CROCKETT. W. PETT RIDGE. NEIL MUNRO. PROF. W. M. RAMSAY. WALTER RAYMOND. DR. WILLIAM WALLACE.

From Photographs by Annan, Glasgow; Martin & Sallnow, Strand; Warneuke, Glasgow; Elliott & Fry; Jno. Chaffin & Sons, Taunton; and Lafayette.

Essays on the same level as, let us say, Colonel Newcome's or Miss Pinkerton's. The "general reader," for whom extracts of Florio serve (it may be conjectured that there are not a few whose acquaintance, if looked into, would shrink to that much-quoted Cat), may be left out of account; but how comes it that with higher orders than these, Montaigne still seems to remain merely a talkative old gentleman, an after-dinner philosopher who had seen the world and looked at it broadly, a name marked with that curious sort of labelling which gives us the one-sided connotations of adjectives like "Rabelaisian" and "Byronic"?

How could Thackeray, or anyone else, without a quite marvellous intuition of skipping, read any considerable part of the eight hundred pages of the folio "selon le vray original," and not be compelled to mental gymnastic and the *sudor siccus*? Was anyone ever prattled to sleep by the sombre length of the Apologie de Sebonde? Who reads so warily in the chapter "Des Boiteux," "De mesnager sa volonté," and others of easy titles, as to avoid such a thought-trap as this, a proper pillow-lection :—

"Le peuple se trompe: on va bien plus facilement par les bouts, où l'extremité sert de borne, d'arrest, et de guide, que par la voye du milieu large et ouverte . . . ?"

Something may be said for an occasional reading of authors with a minor reference, away from their main matter. It is worth while, for instance, to look for Plato's dramatic feeling; Dante's politics are well enough canvassed; but one might as well study Lucretius for his chemistry of combustion as take up the Essays for recreation merely. The constant recurrence of an awakening quality, something which might be called, after the item in the old pharmacopoeias, "cephalick snuff," an air of near-touching modernness, an absence of those loopholes of archaism and *autres moeurs* which so often enable us to dodge the conclusions of elder philosophies; the presentation of feeling which we are inclined to arrogate to ourselves, in grounds we sometimes think only lately discovered: these are the toll-gates, so to say, across any recreative sauntering. There is, of course, an amusement of its own kind (which perhaps we do not generally take enough account of) in recognising the common property between antiquity and ourselves; but when Montaigne says of children (a nation newly discovered these hundred years, surely), "de vray il faut noter que les jeux des enfans ne sont pas jeux. . ."; of animals (how recently manumitted!), "Je ne crains point à dire la tendresse de ma nature si puerile, que je ne puis pas bien refuser à mon chien la feste qu'il m'offre hors de saison, ou qu'il me demande. . . ."; of a sort of educational revolt still under way, "Nos medecins spirituels et corporels, comme par complot fait entre-eux, ne trouvent aucune voye a la guerison . . . que par le tourment, la douleur et la peine"—all this is too much part of our own debates to amuse.

And after all, is not Montaigne one of the great company of the preachers, who cry to the world under the inevitable *vae mihi si non*, from Academe, Port Royal, Chelsea, Herne Hill, and all other didactic heights? It was not altogether "à la commodité particuliere de mes parens et amis" that the book was made, nor altogether as a self-portrait. It is not easy to think of Montaigne without remembering Pascal, who, attacking the Essays in the Pensées with what looks very like personal feeling, yet judges the author one of the two great champions of the two most famous philosophies of the world. Of the two, whose is distinctively the *virtus neque immunis neque superba*? Whether serves the world best, the wide hearth, or the fusing blow-pipe flame? To which belongs (by right or by chance) the saying, "On se fait une idole de la verité mesme"?

In the matter of literary judgment alone, Montaigne demands the wakefullest ear. His taste seems to go near a miracle, seen in the midst of that bondage from these clear heights of ours;—in an age when Mademoiselle de Gournay must defend him for having put a heretic upon the roll of excellent poets of the time. His handling of the grammarians means more than our emancipated days conceive; his theory of poetry seems simply right enough to us—on *this* side of Romantic Revivals and Lake Schools. It is curious to mark the fine naturalness of choice and grasp of the elements, before the Augustan cloud descends, echoed by Molière from the thick of the obscurity. Montaigne makes two orders of poetry, one for the popular and purely natural, the "naifvetez et graces" of Gascon vilanelles—and another, with that unfailing note of reverence of his, for "perfect poesy": between these comes mediocrity—"desdaignée, sans honneur, et sans prix." Molière, where the "Misanthrope" turns into a literary essay, says by Alceste

> "Et je prise bien moins tout ce que l'on admire
> Qu'une vieille chanson—"

and then reads twice over to the Golden Age,

> "*Si le roi m'avait donnée*—"

And Montaigne's paradox that it is easier to write poetry than to know it by sight, seems one of those vintages meant for keeping, grown apter in the tract between Ronsard and du Bellay and Turnebus, and our own practitioners in both kinds. There is in his criticism a sort of enthusiasm matching the subject, such a partiality as we perhaps need to encourage: the works of those "riches et grandes ames

du temps passé" not for him a mere standard, but a sort of religion. There can hardly be a better corrective for that fundamental irreverence which leads to the "back to the gallipots" style of criticism than the end of the chapter on Cato the Younger, "Dès ma premiére enfance, la Poésie a eu cela de me transpercer et transporter," he says:—but the feeling was variable, not so much in intensity (for it always found the highest in each kind), as in colour, so to say. First, "une fluidité gaye et ingénieuse, depuis une subtilité aïgue et relevée. Enfin, une force meure et constante." First Ovid, then Lucan, last Virgil. The whole criticism, to the final "His dantem jura Catonem," is assuredly in temper and form, from its "amoroso uso di sapienzia" down to its mere architecture and colour of words, a lesson worthy of extended consideration. And in reading Montaigne's criticism of literature in general, prose as well as verse, our modern judgments seem to "throw back" as to their direct ancestor. His preferences—Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus, Horace—his neglect of Ovid and Ariosto; above all his blasphemies against the supreme Tully, mark a liberty which is precious in every age. Montaigne's contumacy is material: take at random his choice of Plutarch's and Seneca's directness of attack, compared with Cicero's "preparatoires et avant-jeux" and ejaculatory *Hoc age!* his judgment that good history can only be written by those who had a large hand in its making: even such a small matter as the putting of Rabelais with Boccaccio, "entre les livres simplement plaisans"—without a word about the satire which we see. His objections have the quality, at least, of making us think before we answer.

"Je suis moins faiseur de livres que de nulle autre besogne," he declares; and there is about all his prose a delightful unprofessional flavour. If we gain by the writer becoming more and more a trained craftsman, we lose something also. In this art, at least, there should always be room for the amateur; room amid a methodical "literary output" for the single book, the autumn sheaf gathered from a life in the world; room for the simple diction, the sentence untormented by self-conscious care of expunged adjective or filed phrase. And Montaigne's prose is something more than well-bred talk of a scholar: it is the height of the pedestrian style, with an effect that echoes the leisured, world-wise thought, and gives a sense of the rhythm of unhurried footfalls in a walk along the "beau verger," timing the discourse as it turns "à la promenade, à la douceur de cette solitude, et à moy."

NEW BOOKS.

BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS. VOL. IV.*

The fourth volume of Byron's poetry in Mr. Murray's edition covers the period in which his genius attained its utmost elevation, and could it be expanded so as to comprise all the compositions of this epoch, would enshrine most of what authenticates his claim to the rank of a great poet. No possible arrangement of Byron's works can entirely fulfil this purpose, for although the best parts of Childe Harold and Don Juan fall within this period, these cannot, of course, be excerpted from the rest. An important group of Byron's dramas is also omitted from its proper chronological place. "Sardanapalus," "The Two Foscari," and "Cain" were written before "The Vision of Judgment," which we find here, while they stand over for the next volume. In the case of an edition published like this in a series of successive volumes this is the only practicable course. The editor of an edition issued simultaneously might be inclined to place them, with their pendant "Heaven and Earth," before the "Vision," as belonging to an earlier stage of Byron's mental history.

Setting aside "The Prisoner of Chillon," a poem in Byron's early style but far superior to its predecessors, the volume may be said to open with the first proofs he gave (passages in the contemporary Third Canto of Childe Harold apart), that, when he did not write as a satirist, his true element was the sublime. "The Dream," "Darkness," and "Manfred" show him as thoroughly at home with grandeur as Scott with romantic picturesqueness, or Coleridge with visionary fancy. "The Vision of Judgment," later in the volume, goes even further, exhibiting an alliance of satire and sublimity hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. The causes of this marvellous progress, in so far as external and independent of the sudden intellectual development which often befalls men about the age then attained by Byron, must be sought in his domestic circumstances, the impression of the scenery of Switzerland, and the society of Shelley, whose influence pervades "Manfred" as the spirit of his Ode to Mont Blanc pervades Byron's Ode to Venice, like an undersong, audible but intangible. It might have been difficult to demonstrate a direct impulse from Shelley but for an expression in a private letter: "Do you," he says, writing to Peacock from Chamouni, "who assert the supremacy of Ahriman, imagine him throned among these desolating snows," and proceeds to develop the idea at length. We thus see how Arimanes got into "Manfred," where Scott found and borrowed him for "Anne of Geierstein." On the other hand, Byron's "Prometheus," written in Switzerland, may have inspired Shelley with the conception of "Prometheus Unbound." Byron was no doubt ignorant that Goethe had written a Prometheus; the comparison of the two pieces is highly interesting.

Besides the works already mentioned, the most important contents of the volume are "The Lament of Tasso," "The Prophecy of Dante," "Marino Faliero," "Beppo," and "The Vision of Judgment." Among the short pieces at the end are five hitherto unpublished, none of especial merit, although the fragment "Aristomenes" opens well, and the date, September, 1823, is interesting as showing that Byron's return to Greece had re-kindled his enthusiasm for Greek subjects. The theme was probably suggested by his admiration for Monti, whose first tragedy was on the adventures of the Messenian hero. The fragment on St. Mark recalls Keats's unfinished "Eve of St. Mark," like it octosyllabic in metre, nocturnal in representation, and ending with St. Mark's shrine, though Keats's scene is laid at Winchester. It would seem that Byron pronounced Doge *dodge*. It may be doubted whether in the "Ode to Venice" he meant to write "sapping" or "sopping"; if the former spelling is retained, it nowadays requires a note of explanation.

Mr. Coleridge's prefaces and notes are as excellent as ever, judicious, adequate, in no way overdone, and manifesting extensive reading and research. He is happy in the selection of parallel passages, not the least instructive and quite the most agreeable form of commentary. It would, we think, have been worth while to have quoted Dr. Spitta's eloquent criticism in Grove's Dictionary on Schumann's music to "Manfred," since it illustrates the poet's work equally with the composer's. Taylor's translation from Pausanias cited in a note on p. 109 is not very illuminating: "Received the deprecations of Jupiter Phyxius!" Fraser's rendering, "He offered supplications to Zeus, God of Flight," is what Byron said Keats was not, "intelligible without Greek."

We believe that Mr. Coleridge is the first editor who has pointed out that in the original publication of "The Vision of Judgment" in "The Liberal" some of the more actionable passages were veiled by a table of suppositious errata, to the advantage, among others, of Queen Charlotte, whom the reader was requested to regard as neither "bad" nor "ugly," but only "unhandsome."

The volume comprises a portrait of Byron by Harlow, clever but unprepossessing; very fine portraits of Sheridan

* "The Works of Lord Byron." A new, revised, and enlarged edition, with illustrations. Poetry. Vol. IV. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. 6s. (John Murray.)

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. J. HORACE ROUND. DR. WM. BARRY. A. CONAN DOYLE. OSCAR BROWNING. THE LATE DR. WM. WRIGHT.

From Photographs by Elliott & Fry; Vernon Kaye, S. Kensington; Werner & Son, Dublin; Brown, Barnes, & Bell; James Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

and Hookham Frere, after Reynolds and Hoppner; and a drawing of Southey dated 1811, at which period, if we are to believe the artist, his hair was fair and his complexion dusky.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE OLDER CIVILISATION OF GREECE.*

To the Greeks themselves their own early history was almost a blank. They had vague traditions of immigrants from Egypt, of invaders from the North, and of days when Minos, King of Crete, kept the seas clear of pirates; but beyond the seventh century B.C. their knowledge did not go. There was, however, one remarkable exception. From the impenetrable darkness of the past there stood out in brilliant light the unique personality of Homer. To the Greek mind he was, what Melchisedec was to the author of the Hebrews, an almost divine being, "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life," and the Iliad was not merely a poem, but an inspired record, a Book of Generations for the Greek race. To scholars for almost three thousand years he has remained the most wonderful and mysterious figure in the world of literature. It has been reserved for strictly modern times to examine with cautious criticism the character of the Homeric poems, and to make clear, at least in part, the human conditions under which alone they could have been produced. Great works of art do not spring into existence *per saltum* or amid rude and barbarous surroundings. The Iliad is a marvel and not a miracle. Whoever its author, whether it had one or ten, its existence presupposes an ancient antecedent culture, just as much as the existence of an English cathedral presupposes much knowledge of art even in "the dark ages." Savages do not set up Gothic arches, and a barbarian brain could never produce a single Homeric hexameter. The simplicity, or, as Schiller calls it, the naïveté, of Homeric poetry must not blind us to the fact that its mere mechanism of language and metre has reached a stage of perfection which could only have been elaborated by many preceding generations of unknown poets. On literary grounds only it is certain that the Iliad could only have come into existence among a people already possessing an old and fairly advanced civilisation. And what literary criticism thus asserts has within the last fifty years been made a visible certainty by the spade of the explorer.

The date of Homer is assigned by Herodotus to the ninth century B.C., and numerous converging proofs make this date approximately certain. But, if Mr. Hall is correct, it coincides not with the origin, but with the decadence and decay of that wonderful civilisation which is known as "Mycenæan." For seven centuries before the Homeric period, from 1700 to 1000 B.C., in Crete and Cyprus, in Argolis, and round the coasts of the Ægean, the Mycenæans had been building their palaces and their sepulchres, decorating their walls with frescoes and their ceilings with tracery, beautifying their bronze sword-blades and golden drinking-cups with scenes from war or from the chase, and exporting their unequalled pottery to deck the tables and the tombs of the Pharaohs. It is an advanced civilisation, not a primitive one, and has its own origin in a still earlier past. In the mound of Hissarlik and on the acropolis of Athens beneath the stratified deposits of the Mycenæan period lie earlier implements of copper or stone and vases of rude black ware, the makers of which have been dust for four thousand years.

To those who were taught as boys that Greek history begins with the first Olympiad in 776 B.C. such statements may appear incredible, but the evidence which supports them seems to be overpowering. That scarabs of early Egyptian dynasties should be found in Mycenæan tombs might be due to accident; the frequent occurrence of Mycenæan vases in Egyptian tombs might also be explained away; but that objects of Mycenæan art should be depicted on Egyptian frescoes which belong to the sixteenth century is a fact which cannot be disregarded, and the proof of which Mr. Hall wisely submits "to the trusty eyes" of his readers by numerous and striking illustrations. Indeed, the traditional views of early Greek history can no longer be maintained. Much that was regarded as fact is now shown to be fiction, and much that was considered legendary is now shown to be real. A generation ago anyone who read that Trojan heroes called one another "iron-hearted" had no doubt that he was reading what might have been actually spoken: now we know that, in an age when iron was not discovered, they could no more have used such a metaphor than a mediæval heroine could have spoken of receiving "an electric shock." A year since anyone who was asked about the "labyrinth" in Crete would have called it a poetic fancy, or referred to the well-known description of the Cretans as "always liars"; but now the labyrinth is a visible fact, and, whether the Cretans were liars or not, they were certainly not always "slow bellies," but, as this volume shows, one of the most enterprising peoples of the Eastern Mediterranean.

For scholars Mr. Hall's book will prove a valuable contribution to the study of a most interesting subject. It is the production of a specialist who has devoted exceptional ability and industry to the collection and preparation of his material, and that material will be of the greatest service to future historians of Greece. A work of this nature, however, can as yet hardly be presented in an attractive and popular shape. Many of the facts which have to be discussed are still too uncertain and obscure; it is necessary to diverge too often into perplexing controversies; and, above all, a somewhat copious learning is postulated in the student. Mr. Hall "assumes" that his readers are "more or less familiar" with several learned works; he more than once credits them with a knowledge of Dutch; at other times he revels in hieroglyphics, and on one occasion (p. 163) refers to the alteration of a human leg into what seems an elongated pear as "a simple emendation." Such a statement strikes the average critic with awe, and he trembles as he passes on to a page full of Assyrian inscriptions. But let him persevere and he will be rewarded. Treasures are often hidden in secret places, and it is in a note to an *Addendum* on certain "cuneiform tablets" that he will find this gem—

"It is to be hoped that students of M. Boissier's work will not be misled in their studies of the facsimiles of these tablets which he gives by the fact that he has allowed some of them to be printed upside down, and one sideways."

To judge, however, from this book, printers' devils are not so careless in England as they are apparently in France. Here and there they have indulged in their usual sport of misplacing Greek accents, but on the whole the book is a wonderful specimen of the printer's art, while the illustra-

* "The Older Civilisation of Greece." By H. R. Hall. 15s. net. (David Nutt.)

tions are excellent. One criticism, however, must be made. The paper is of abnormal thickness and composed of some material which is exceptionally heavy, so that a book of even moderate size soon becomes, what no book should be, a burden to the reader. T. E. PAGE.

THE PROPHET OF FLORENCE.*

If I avow my suspicion that none but a Catholic can quite enter into the deeps and difficulties of Fra Girolamo's character, it is not because I am a bigot, but in deference to the claims of psychology. Both the volumes before us take an outside view of this much debated man. Dr. McHardy is fair, judicial, and yet considerate; his pages reveal the student, and he directs the reader to sources which will enable every one to frame a verdict on the evidence,—to Villari, Pastor, and Lucas, who write from different points of view but with original documents in sight. He is careful to guard against the natural prejudices, partly for and partly against Savonarola, that would tempt a Northern critic from the straight way. In his excellent work the substance, drift, and final meaning of this heroic yet visionary life are given. It was real greatness, with a shadow lying over it. There is no need to argue the particulars. What Dr. McHardy perceives in Savonarola is a "determined testimony on behalf of the independence of the human conscience," an "assertion of every man's right to question all authority not based on justice and rectitude," an "insistence on the Christian moral ideal as the supreme rule in all departments of private and public life." For these things he was a witness unto death. Did he mark an era in history? That is a question. But he has done something as great in leaving us the figure of himself, which is here by no means unworthily rendered.

One likes the tone and method of Dr. McHardy, and in the same degree one feels that Mr. Methuen's "Little Biography," though brightly written, is wanting in sympathy, is forensic in its dealing, and moves on the surface. It tries Fra Girolamo by the rules of Florentine procedure and the Canon Law as Alexander VI. had it put into practice; after which Mr. Horsburgh decides that on the whole verdict must be given against the accused. Not in this fashion does history judge; and we mean by history the conscience of mankind. Was Savonarola guilty of real crime in his opposition to the Pope or his reforming efforts at Florence? If not, then legalities prove nothing. We all remember certain legal pronouncements in Athens and Jerusalem which were the greater sacrilege because uttered in the name of the law. It is not by such flimsy cobwebs that a martyrdom can be made of none effect. But let that pass. I will remark only on two other points. "His excommunication," says the writer, "resulted from a combination of forces which were almost wholly political, and with which the question of doctrinal orthodoxy had nothing whatever to do." This should never be forgotten; but what is the value of an excommunication dictated by political motives? My other remark is on page 208, where the author sketches Fra Girolamo's philosophy, and ascribes it to the influence which Platonist speculations had on his mind. But all the positions quoted are to be found over and over again in St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor of the Dominicans. They would have been familiar to Savonarola from his youth up, and indeed the whole poem of Dante moves upon these great lines.

WILLIAM BARRY.

A HISTORY OF SANSKRIT LITERATURE.†

The appearance in a widely read series of a History of Sanskrit Literature by the recently elected Boden Professor is an event to be cordially welcomed. The time has gone by when it was necessary to explain the position of the Indian as one of the few primary literatures of the world, presenting among much that is chiefly valuable for the study of the human mind, many works also of universal aesthetic interest. So much has of late years been written concerning India in the form of histories, descriptions, reminiscences, and lighter literature, and its political, social, and religious problems have been so extensively ventilated, that hasty popularisation or even vulgarisation is more to be apprehended than neglect. It is to works such as the present, appealing not only to the student, but also to the cultivated public, that we may trust for preserving the right mean between these extremes.

Professor Macdonell claims with some reason that his is the first history of Sanskrit literature as a whole written in English. Max Müller's constructive work was confined to the Vedic period, and the very interesting and useful volumes published by Sir M. Monier-Williams were not in fact formal histories. There existed of course certain elementary manuals, and the Academical Lectures of Weber in their German or English form were (next to catalogues of MSS.) the best resource of every scholar. We should have liked to see mentioned Mr. Frazer's "Literary History of India" (1898), which though not precisely a History of Sanskrit Literature is both a charming and a useful work.

In respect of accuracy and information, Professor Macdonell's work attains, as was to be expected, a very high level. In at least one branch, namely, Vedic Literature and Mythology, the author is himself a first-rate authority, besides which his reading has been sympathetic and catholic. A feature in the book which will attract immediate attention is the great proportion of space (276 pages out of 472) devoted to the Vedic period. This is not due merely to personal predilection. Beside the importance of beginnings and the advantage of originality, the Vedic literature has always retained a paramount authority in questions of social order, religion, and philosophy. It is also true that the work of European method has been much more effective in the early period, where dates are not expected, than in the later, where their absence withdraws one half of the interest. The day, in fact, of the post-Vedic literature has not yet arrived. Some branches, such as the scientific and religious works, we may instance the northern Buddhism, have scarcely been approached. Though Indian studies have during the last century been remarkably rich in great scholars, these have been occupied mainly in work of a recondite character, the publication of texts, decipherment of MSS. and inscriptions in various difficult scripts, the construction of a historical framework still very incomplete, and during the last generation especially the compilation of catalogues of MSS. They have been surveying the literary activity of a continent, covering a continuous period of 2,000 years, every branch of which has been prolific in works of great difficulty and extent. Each literary form appears in its full maturity, and by its extreme systematisation of thought testifies to long periods of development, while the most important works are often known in several recensions. Under the circumstances it is scarcely to be regretted (the general reader will certainly not regret) that the plan of Professor Macdonell's work and the scope of the series have precluded the full discussion of large domains of the later literature, such as rhetoric and poetics, law, and science. Of the epic, lyric, dramatic, and philosophical literature, Professor Macdonell has given us a careful account based upon the latest information and the best opinions of such scholars as Böhtlingk, Weber, Bühler, Pischel, and Jacobi. The ample bibliography at the end will prove of considerable service.

There are very few points on which we should feel inclined to express dissent from Professor Macdonell's views. But of course many questions remain as yet undecided, such as early knowledge of the sea (p. 143), the immediately Indian origin of the teaching of Pythagoras (p. 422), the ascription of the Mrcchakatika to Dandin (p. 361), and the identification of the Sarmanai mentioned by Megasthenes with the Buddhists. On p. 212 we find Professor Eggeling by a slip credited with an edition, instead of a translation, of the Catapatha Brahmana.

It would be unfair to represent Professor Macdonell's work as entirely pragmatical. The aesthetic point of view has not been neglected, and we are grateful for the pleasing, if unpretending, metrical renderings which appear on many pages. Perhaps a time will come when Indian poetry (as well as philosophy) will be susceptible of representation to Western readers in such a way as to appeal to the imagination. At present we possess but few versions of this character, the learned and scholarly translations in the Sacred Books of the East and elsewhere having for the most part a different purpose. Of the drama, Professor Macdonell well observes that "here at last the

* "Girolamo Savonarola." By E. L. S. Horsburgh. With Sixteen Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (London: Methuen and Co.)
"Savonarola." By Rev. George McHardy, D.D. 3s. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)

† "A History of Sanskrit Literature." By Arthur A. Macdonell, M.A., Ph.D., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Boden Professor of Sanskrit and Fellow of Balliol. (Heinemann.) 6s.

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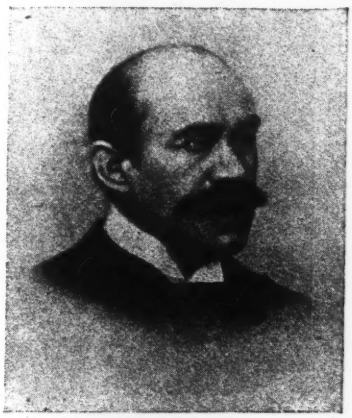

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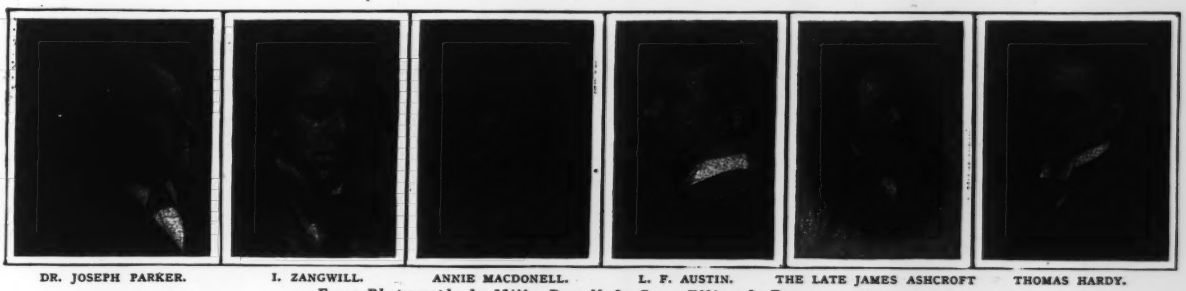

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Indian genius found the law of moderation, which it hardly knew elsewhere, and thus produced works of lasting beauty"; and here the English reader has at his command renderings of great merit in Wilson's Hindu Theatre. A few translations also of Epics and Lyrics, such as Griffith's Rāmāyana, are suitable for general appreciation. F. W. THOMAS.

PROFESSOR COURTHOPE ON POETRY AND TASTE.*

"Life in Poetry" and "Law in Taste" express between them the *summum bonum* of literary æsthetics. Could these but be maintained in constant equilibrium, there would be an end of rival schools and factions in criticism. Unfortunately, this is impossible; the ages of great productiveness in the higher orders of literature are not ages of criticism, and critical ages are not ages of creative genius. Hence the eternal strife between poet and critic. We cannot dispense with literary legislators, and these must of necessity deduce their laws from observation of the examples afforded by great writers. But these laws cannot be authoritative unless the critic is on the level of the author, and this is hardly ever the case. This operates to invalidate even the general laws promulgated by critics, and when we descend from the general to the particular it frequently deprives their judgment of all worth. Mr. Courthope justly points out that Croker's criticism of Keats's "Endymion" would not have appeared so outrageous if Croker, instead of expressing his private antipathies, had brought "Endymion" to the test of an established principle, and that, while this would to a certain extent have justified his attack, it would have shown that Keats was right and Croker wrong on some of the points upon which Croker was most dogmatic. But, granting that Croker's condemnation might have been invested with something of a judicial character, and that his censure might thus have carried some weight, how could his general estimate of the poem have been of the least value if he had been manifestly insensible to its beauties? and how could he have been taught to apprehend these by the study of any rules or precepts, however admirable? The true critic, like the true poet, must be born, not made; the inspired writing requires an inspired commentator.

It appears to us the pervading defect of Mr. Courthope's lectures to underrate this intuitional element in first-class criticism, and to assume that the chief factors of critical excellence are strength of judgment and sound common sense. As regards the negative department of criticism we might agree with him; but as concerns its loftier functions we must hold that the critic will never be a revealer if there is not something of the creator in him as well. The general tendency of Mr. Courthope's discourses is nevertheless most salutary. They are penetrated by what the world of authorship at present chiefly needs, the perception that right and wrong in art exist; that excellence, in the last analysis, means conformity to an ideal but not an imaginary pattern; and that the conditions under which the artist works are as inexorable as the laws of physical nature. In presence of such a conviction, minor questions such as Pope's place as poet and critic (*we* prefer him in the former capacity) may be left to take care of themselves. The only serious omission we seem to discover in Mr. Courthope's philosophy is his omission to notice the great law of reaction which, in our opinion, affords a more rational account of the genesis of the pre-Raphaelite movement, for example, than an endeavour to trace it back through "the Classicists and Romanticists in France" to "the speculative theorists of Germany."

Mr. Courthope seems to differ from Sidney and Shelley in holding that, although poetry does not consist in metrical expression alone, metrical expression is nevertheless essential to poetry. We would invite his attention to the argument on the other side derived from the English Bible. No one would deny that the prose of the authorised version is frequently poetry of the highest order; or that, nineteen times out of twenty, it ceases to be poetry as soon as it is put into verse. It would seem, then, that versification cannot be of the essence of poetry; while it may be conceded that the impulse which constrains the poet to compose usually compels him to compose in metre, and that "the sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense," rightly esteemed by Shelley necessary to the highest poetry, can rarely be attained without it.

* "Life in Poetry: Law in Taste." Two series of lectures delivered in Oxford, 1895-1900. By William John Courthope, C.B., late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 10s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

THE SERIOUS WOOING.*

"A serious wooing" it was; but is the tale of it "a heart's history"? Whose heart? Not the hero's. There is only one page given of that, the page that tells of him in love, when his manners are rather different from, but his heart very much the same as, any other man's in a like condition. And we read only a few little fluttering pages of the heroine's, who is so young and childish. There may be volumes of them to come still. Yet perhaps these first ones tell the main thing about her. She wanted her strong man and she got him. We are more curious about the hero's untold pages. Did he find his uneducated Countess wife educatable? How much had he to sugar his Socialism to make it palatable to her after her first heroic gulp? We cannot help being curious about these points, for we are interested in his welfare; and it is not our fault if we are made to feel that had Luttrel not known "all about racing" and had all the superficial advantages of her own class, without its vices, she would not have sacrificed much for him. The forty-five pound bill—"just a few plain little mourning hats"—and the study of Tolstoy seem in her case to go so comfortably together, that we may well feel a little misgiving for her alliance with the Socialist leader. But, on the whole, we think she will stick to him. Her own set treated her so abominably that she can have no temptation to return to it. Only, Luttrel should have been a brigadier-general at the seat of war, or a picturesque keeper of some lonely frontier fortress. He could then have taken her away from her own vulgar family, have represented to her the "strong man," and she need never have bothered her pretty head and hand writing out fine advanced sentiments in Florentine note-books. However, to the mind of John Oliver Hobbes this stealing away of a ravishingly beautiful creature from the heart of a smart set into the tents of Socialism is a romance. Love, the miracle-worker, has brought it about, and may be trusted to do the great wonders

* "The Serious Wooing." A Heart's History. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Methuen.)

of letting a river of forgetfulness flow over delights of chiffon and millinery, now all past for the Countess of Shortclough, otherwise Lady Wroxall, when she changes her name, somewhat irregularly, to that of Mrs. Luttrel.

About the machinery of that part of the story when Luttrel is called off to Marseilles, and Rosabel's relatives connive at cheating her, there is an ingenuity in separating the lovers of so desperate a kind as to spoil the story somewhat. And there are curious lapses in the author's strong sense of humour. When the hero is told by his sister that the Countess will not stick to him, we learn that "Luttrel's philosophical mind began to play round the many reflections called up by his sister's speech. He thought of Bishop Berkeley, who denied that we do see things outside us; and a good deal about Schopenhauer's *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung:* he quoted softly under his breath—

> 'I live not in myself, but I became
> Portion of that around me,' etc."

Poor Rosabel! To have to live with so full a mind! Will she ever dare speak of the weather lest she let loose a flood of reflections on Aristotle or somebody? But Luttrel is better than that as a rule, and this story about him and Rosabel has pages of greater, more wholesome beauty than any we have ever found in the writer's work before. It is nearly impossible, because she has only by moments faced the material of one of her principal characters; but those in the ring round the hero and his lady—Mrs. Odo Ceppel, the sentimentalist villain, Sir Courtenay, Lady Ragot, Wroxall, and all of them—are as if drawn swiftly and surely from the life. And without a direct word of reproof of their fatuous and insolent circle, yet out of their own mouths are they convicted of absurdity, sometimes delightful enough—as when Rosabel is suspected of having gone off with the "outsider," Luttrel, and Sir Courtenay says, "'Yes, rotten to the core. Dear old England is rolling down the hill, I am afraid; but for God's sake don't let it get about that I said so! It might do a lot of harm.'"

A. MACDONELL.

PETER ABELARD.*

Whether or not we agree finally with Mr. McCabe's judgment of Abelard and of those of his contemporaries whose portraits are painted here, let us acknowledge in the first place he has written a very readable book, and, secondly, that he has corrected a good many false impressions. He has done his best to be calmly judicial in respect to the central figure, letting his warmth overflow in wrath, not always discreetly, against personages and movements antagonistic to the spirit of Abelard. His treatment of St. Bernard is severe—but we have no quarrel with him there. The great Cistercian's attitude to Abelard and to Arnold was often unworthy and always stupid; and the account of the so-called trial at Sens, with its packed court and its prearranged verdict, which will be a revelation to a great many readers, is not a whit too scathing.

Mr. McCabe is specially fitted in one way for dealing with such a subject as Abelard. None knows better than he the intolerable weight of monastic institutions to men of certain mental temperaments to-day. But he has perhaps thrown his knowledge and dislike of present-day monasticism too much into the scale when weighing the effect of religious communities on inquiring men in the middle ages. And his blame of Abelard for ordering Héloise into a nunnery seems exaggerated. No doubt Héloise did not want to go; but the command was only a natural one in that age. Mr. McCabe has that love of clear definitions and, presumably, that natural science training which is generally opposed to mysticism. But he is still more distinguished by a love of individual freedom for research. And we think he has made a great mistake in his reading of mediæval mental history in attacking, in a vague, wholesale fashion, the mystic schools of thought. They were to a large extent schools of freedom. True, he seems to except from his indictment Bonaventura, one of the least of the thirteenth century thinkers—but on vague grounds. It must be acknowledged, however, that no one has treated the world-famous and pathetic love-drama with more good feeling, good sense, and good taste.

One or two trifles strike us as wanting correction. Why does he call a Breton "a child of the sunlight"? Surely, he has never lived among that grave, mystical people. Why does he talk of their "short memory"? They have the notoriously long memories of all Celts. It is not quite accurate to say that "the savage flames sealed" Arnold's lips for ever. But this is a niggling criticism, we allow. He calls Bishop Ivo of Chartres "the only lawyer who ever lived and died in the odour of sanctity." But what of Ivo's fourteenth century Breton namesake, St. Yves, lawyer, hermit, and philanthropist?

* "Peter Abelard." By Joseph McCabe. 6s. (Duckworth.)

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.*

Nothing is new in this, the first complete edition of Calverley's works, except the elegant and feeling memoir prefixed by Sir Walter Sendall, but its appearance affords an opportunity of estimating the place which the author is destined to hold in literature. We are not sure that this volume may not come as somewhat of a shock to those who have supposed themselves to know him best. His reputation has hitherto been so largely that of a parodist and writer of humorous verse that not many, perhaps, have realised how large a portion of his work consists of translations, whether from the classical languages into English or *vice versâ*, undertaken in a spirit of entire seriousness. The translations *from* English cannot be too highly praised; those *into* English appear to us in general successes or failures accordingly as they are in rhyme or blank verse. The comparison of so lively and brilliant a writer to a packhorse may seem paradoxical; it is nevertheless the fact that Calverley was notably cheered and invigorated by "the bells of rhyme." When deprived of this stimulus he conveys the impression of a craftsman shaping and carving, intelligently, cleverly, even successfully, but still in the spirit of a workman. With the aid of the stirrup of rhyme he really does manage to vault upon the back of Pegasus, and once there, his seat is firm, and his control perfect. It would be a mistake for any man to attempt Homer in blank verse as Calverley has done, for reasons long since given by Matthew Arnold. Theocritus, however, does admit of successful rendering in blank verse upon condition that the translator's temperament shall be such as to allow of his reproducing, through this tranquil and artistic medium, something of the original inspiration of the author. Calverley's versions, with all the graces which art and scholarship can impart, lack inspiration, which he only finds when rendering Theocritus in rhyme or Homer in hexameters, when the rush and swing of the metre, æsthetically condemnable in our language as Calverley himself has shown it to be, generate a true poetical feeling. None of his work as a translator, perhaps, surpasses his versions of the epigrams of Theocritus.

Calverley's reputation as a humorous poet is secure, especially when the humour lies in the unexpectedness of the conclusion. As a parodist he is irresistibly funny, but too often allows his animal spirits to carry him into grotesque exaggeration. The likeness between the parody and the object parodied must not be too remote; the Saracen's Head was not a parody of Sir Roger de Coverley. "The Cock and the Bull," for instance, is as good a *burlesque* of Browning as could be written; as a *parody*, it is far inferior to the example in "Law Cases done into English." The Ettrick Shepherd possessed little of Calverley's literary culture, but his "Flying Tailor" shows that he had a sounder instinctive perception of the conditions of successful parody.

The volume is beautifully printed, and adorned by a charming portrait of Calverley. *Phasos* on p. 422 is a misprint for *Thasos*.

IBSEN FORESTALLED.†

Villiers de l'Isle Adam's "Revolt," written nearly a decade before "The Doll's House," will never take its place, and this for several reasons. First, Ibsen is a master of stagecraft, while, for stage purposes, "The Revolt" is about as badly contrived as possible. Then Nora is to the majority

* "The Complete Works of C. S. Calverley." With a biographical notice by Sir Walter J. Sendall, G.C.M.G., Governor of British Guiana. 6s. net. (George Bell and Sons.)

† "The Revolt and The Escape." By Villiers de l'Isle Adam. Translated from the French by Theresa Barclay. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

T. E. PAGE. THOMAS SECCOMBE. HAROLD SPENDER. ALICE MEYNELL. PROF. GEORGE ADAM SMITH. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.
From Photographs by W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton; Green & Collings, New Bond Street; Elliott & Fry, London.

of persons a far more conceivable woman, on first acquaintance, than Elisabeth, who will be pronounced too "high-falutin'." Elisabeth appeals to a narrower world, numerically speaking, and the greater one may sympathise with Felix, and laugh at his romantic wife's failure. Yet a little more stage-craft, and "The Revolt" would have been by far the finer play. It is higher in conception than Ibsen's, because of the poetry at its source and all along its course; and because of its universal application. "The Doll's House" is a dramatised tract in favour of the feminist movement. "The Revolt" is not the tragedy of a wife who has been tyrannised over; it is the tragedy of every soul that, in the name of duty, undertakes the lower task, while with a clear eye seeing the higher. Elisabeth, a woman of fine perceptions, high ideals, and with the essence of poetry in her, finds herself mated to a commonplace, money-making husband. Like many idealists, she has admirable practical qualities, and when he finds her talents for book-keeping, he uses them cheerfully and liberally, till she is a mere slave of the desk. By her means he becomes rich. And she, poor dreamer, thinks she is buying her release! But after she presents her account, in which she is his large creditor, and announces her decision of going away to freedom and to the real things of life, and actually leaves the house, her past servitude to lower aims will not relax its hold. She is too tired out. She is afraid. There is the child. She turns back. And the benevolent husband is quite ready to forgive her now she has recovered her common sense!

The other play, "The Escape," would be far more effective on the stage. A brutal criminal touched by innocence to the point of injuring his self-interest, is always impressive. And in Pagnol the contrast of villainy and sudden compunction is indeed great. Spectators would go away deeply touched at the end, where the escaped convict, who has once more been captured because he spared innocence, goes off the stage in handcuffs, saying, "It's queer!—but—it seems to me as if it were now that I was escaping." Let us hope that some enterprising and independent theatre will let us see both plays ere long. Miss Barclay's translations would serve excellently for the purpose.

WOMEN AND MEN OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE.*

A fascinating account of a fascinating time, written for the general reader by a scholar who has studied patiently not only in old and new tomes, but also in the heart of man—such is Miss Sichel's book before us. The work has entailed the most varied research, respecting literature, morals, art, philosophical and religious thought, Court life, and the personalities of monarchs, poets, thinkers, and vagabonds. But it is no mere compilation—it is a book stamped by original judgment and a rare intelligence in the observation of character. The writer has as far as possible limited her period to the reign of Francis I., and it is, therefore, not surprising the book should have as its main character the King's sister, the great Marguerite of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre. One of the most wonderful and charming of all the women of history, with a complicated and masculine brain, she had the virtues of the simple, loyalty and tender-heartedness. She was a marvel of friendship, of enlightenment, and lofty spirit, who yet bore gently many cruelties and much stupidity from those whom she loved. The motto on Miss Sichel's title-page from Sainte Beuve—"Mais les bons et louables esprits sont ceux . . . qui osent avoir une passion, une admiration hautement placée et qui la suivent"—applies to Margaret above all. She had a "passion hautement placée" for knowledge and for beauty, and she never grew tired, for all her sorrows, of its pursuit. But just because this was so, her distinction was that she became the willing servant of so many lower in mind and soul than herself. "'Plus vous que moi' was one of her devices. It could not be more apt. Who more amply fulfilled her own saying, that 'To love God one must first love a human creature perfectly'? She might perhaps have added that to love human creatures perfectly you must consent to be disappointed in them."

You will nowhere find the magnificent Francis I. more shrewdly dealt with. The charm and the abundant weakness of the great patron of the French Renaissance are both done justice to, and he is seen as the more accurate representative of the time than his greater sister, a time that loved beauty and knowledge and was wonderfully awake and interested in life, yet a time when the grim hand of persecution clutched its victims from the best. The other portraits in the book are too many to tell of. Let us mention, at least, for the distinctive manner in which Miss Sichel has dealt with them, Etienne Dolet, Jeanne D'Albret, Marot, Louise Labé, the poetess, all incisively drawn and with masterly hand—and all, too, a little lacking in indulgence. But her instinctive likings are for the broad, sane, strong characters, who do not merely show a light here and a light there, not for those who fascinate and disappoint, but such as know their work and do it, and are framed in Nature's lasting moulds. Her book has its climax in her account of Rabelais, and she has treated the great and genial satirist after his own broad, sane spirit. To her he is no obscene, clumsy trifler, but "Nature's pilgrim, bound for the Shrine of Truth," to whom nothing human was alien, who loved the body and vindicated the spirit, and did both in parables understanded of common men.

* "Women and Men of the French Renaissance." By Edith Sichel. 16s. net. (Constable.)

THREE LITTLE BOOKS OF ESSAYS.*

Three well-known ladies have taken in hand to contribute entertainment for our holiday season by books of miscellaneous light reading. Two of these must earn wide gratitude by being entirely successful. Lady Currie's (Violet Fane) suffers from the disadvantage of want of unity of temper. The interesting papers are ponderous and terribly serious. The lighter ones, including an improbable story, are trivial and dull. A more careful selection might have been expected from so able a writer. But the other two books are sure to amuse. Miss Guiney's has the more literary flavour; but let no one be afraid of that. The essence of the book is a plea for pleasantness, for lightheartedness. The "Bitter Complaint of the Ungentle Reader" is a delightfully decisive, not at all bitter indictment of that worthy and clumsy person, nearly always a woman, who, when she reads, must read for instruc-

* "Two Moods of a Man." By Violet Fane. 6s. (Nimmo.)
"On the Other Side of the Latch." By Sara Jeannette Duncan. 6s. (Methuen.)
"Patrins." By Louise Imogen Guiney. 3s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)

tion. "She is for ever," says Miss Guiney, "waking the wrong passenger: for ever falling upon the merely beautiful, and exacting of it what it was never born to yield. The arts have a racial shyness: the upshot of this scrutiny of their innocent faces is that they will be fain to get into a hole and hide away for good. We lay it all to the ladies; for the old, lazy, unprovincialised world of men was never so astute and excruciating." That is the spirit of all the papers. As to which is the most delightful—"A Precept of Peace," "An Open Letter to the Moon," or "Irish"—let us hope many readers will haste to give their judgment; but the most popular will perhaps be "An Inquirendo into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty King Charles the Second." She explains her title in her dedication. "A *patrin* . . . . is a gypsy trail: handfuls of leaves or grass cast by the gypsies on the road, to denote, to those behind, the way which they have taken.' Well, these wild, dry whims are *patrins* dropped now in the open for our tribe."

There is less of the gypsy spirit in Mrs. Cotes's "Behind the Latch," but there is even more out-of-doorness. For it is a kind of continuous tale or diary of life in a garden—an Indian garden, in Simla, to distinguish it from all other gardens, German and otherwise. When Mrs. Cotes abandons fiction she does not abandon the study of human character. You may say a garden precariously situated on a ledge is not a great field for such study. But she manages the thing generously and capably; and her visitors are only a little less living and piquant and delightful than the occupant of the deck-chair under the pencil cedar. Her talk has all the wit of apt common sense; her common sense has the savour of wit and of pleasantness. Every word is easy and quick-spirited. There is not a prosy paragraph in the whole; and whether she talks of hollyhocks or the Average Woman, we are equally entertained—because she was so well entertained herself by her imaginary talks. As she says, "To have increased the sum of the world's happiness by one's own is perhaps no great accomplishment, yet is it so easy?"

FROM THE ARMADA TO THE POWDER PLOT.*

In no other book which we happen to have read is the story of Elizabeth's last years told with more vivacity, fulness, and local colour, than in Major Hume's. Not that it pretends to be a contribution to religious quarrels, already vehement enough; it is "a diligent attempt," and a successful one, to throw light upon the intrigues, plots, conspiracies, and cross-purposes of a decade when England's fate was on the edge of a razor. Much of the material is now used for the first time, especially the Spanish MSS. transcribed at Simancas by the historian himself, and from the Irish, Venetian, Hatfield papers, as well as from documents belonging to Lord Calthorpe, and others in the National Archives at Paris. An abundance of quotations, including the splendidly virago-like letters of Elizabeth to that "false loon" and born coward, James I., enriches this volume with all the force and fire of an incomparable time. There is a ring of Shakespeare in some of its sentences, a pith and marrow of the English tongue when it spoke out almost insolently great, even in the dullest of State papers.

And romance without end. These secret missions, real or sham conspirators, Jesuits innocent of all but sanctity like Southwell, truculent-ambitious like Parsons, priests on the rack, kings in council, soldiers Irish and Spanish, with the everlasting tragic figures of Mary Queen of Scots (or her ghost), Essex, Bacon, Ralegh—what a stage they fill! Perhaps for the first time we get a genuine glimpse of Arabella Stuart, who is the veritable Tilburina of Sheridan's comedy and goes mad in white satin. Her ridiculous passionate farce would have made a fine monologue in Browning, or should have furnished to Mr. Meredith one of those subtle themes, half satirical, wholly human, which are his by divine right. Major Hume handles it according to the evidence, not in Anthony Froude's light-fingered way, but with effect, and abating none of its drama. Lopez, too—an earlier subject—the Portuguese Hebrew physician, household surgeon of Leicester—his âme damnée, said Parsons, when the Earl wanted a little poisoning done—he is here in the gloom and depth of a horrid execution-piece, with his fool of a Don Antonio, the Pretender to that kingdom which Philip II. had clutched in 1580, and with his "double spy," if not something worse, Andrada, who is ready to kill Antonio, "not, however, without his Majesty's orders." These chapters could not be more picturesque, had a poet feigned them; and they are solid history, which will stand "four-square to all the winds that blow" from whatever point of criticism.

So will the fierce, unhappy chronicle of Irish wars, with its O'Rourkes, O'Donnells, and O'Neills, leading Essex to the block which Cecil had got ready for him, and Tyrone to Kinsale, where Celtic Ireland died, eighty-eight years before the Boyne. But one ought to say a word on the two kinds of Catholics, loyal English, disloyal Spanish, among the recusants, to whose lack of agreement Major Hume attributes—we confess without persuading us—the final triumph of Protestantism under King James. Had they been ever so united, to restore Papal Supremacy in 1600 would surely have been outside their power. Let us quote the most significant passage. "It will be seen," says the Major (p. 113), "by the cases recited in this chapter that the accusations which have been repeated by nearly every English historian, of widespread and numerous plots by Catholics to assassinate the Queen at this period, are to a large extent unsupported by serious evidence. That a small party of extreme men may have countenanced such plots is certain, and that some of the wild schemes of regicide, so readily confessed under torture by the intended assassins themselves, were real and dangerous, is more than probable; but that any large section of Catholics, clerical or lay, approved of such means is untrue, and an impartial examination of the whole of the known facts will prove this to be the case." Ainsi soit-il!

* "Treason and Plot. Struggles for Catholic Supremacy in the Last Years of Queen Elizabeth." By Martin A. S. Hume. (Nisbet). 16s.

WAGNER AND JOACHIM.*

Glasenapp's is the standard life of Wagner; the last volume has yet to appear. Mr. Ashton Ellis has given us the first volume in English; the others, he promises, will be ready ere long. His book is not a literal translation. He confesses to have altered the wording very often, to have rearranged paragraphs, to have varied comments, for the sake of the English reader, and so on, without making any substantial alteration. Whether he has improved on the original or not, we have not the present means of judging; but it must be said the book as it lies before us is very hard to read. It takes us only down to 1843. A biography on such a scale is for the ardent devotee of Wagner, not for the mere devotee of Wagner's music. Nothing is omitted. In his preface Mr. Ellis says, "As to the present volume: Objection may be taken, in some captious quarters, to the devotion of so much space to Richard Wagner's ancestors and other relations." But we retort that objection will most certainly be taken, and not "in captious quarters;" for three-fourths of the section he alludes to is intolerably dull and without any instructive value whatsoever. Indeed, a great part of this first volume is a lamentable instance of indefatigable industry illumined by no ray of the sense of what constitutes a biographer's duties. But search, and you will find everything; and be grateful for a good index. Though this first part is the least important so far as his music and his musical ideals are concerned, it is of great interest in his life and in the history of art. In few biographies will you find the record of such persistent efforts towards an end. Letter after letter is full of grumbling, of discontent, of depression, of fault-finding; but they are not the letters of a whiner, only of an artist who made immense demands in the name of art, who fought for his ideal with a scorn of

* "Life of Richard Wagner." Being an Authorised Version, by W. Ashton Ellis, of C. F. Glasenapp's Das Leben Richard Wagner's. Vol. I. 16s. net. (Kegan Paul.)

"Joseph Joachim." A Biography (1831-1899). By Andreas Moser. Translated by Lilla Durham. Introduction by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Illustrated. 15/- net. (Wellby.)

CLEMENT K. SHORTER. WILLIAM ARCHER. JANE T. STODDART. A. E. W. MASON. IAN MACLAREN. "BENJAMIN SWIFT."

From Photographs by J. Caswall Smith; Lafayette; Elite Studio, Aberdeen; Root, Chicago; Elliott & Fry.

compromise. There are few stories of artistic life so sincere, so patriotic, so heroic as that of Wagner's early years, and perhaps especially of the excited, exalted, disappointing years he spent in Paris, here recorded.

The life of the great violinist is, of course, on a much smaller scale. But in spite of a certain Teutonic heaviness here also palpable, it is a very workmanlike performance. In it may be read the life of one of the most high-minded and serious artists that ever lived. It is not for musicians alone, by any means. Let aspirants to honour in the literary, dramatic, or the plastic arts read what great, what varied powers, what particular and what general culture, what selfless love have been laid on the shrine of art. Joachim has been praised all his life by men whose power is beyond gainsay; and he has remained modest and faithful to his own austere and lofty ideal. Of his strenuous, dignified, interesting life, of his many friendships, of his services to fellow-artists, Herr Moser gives an excellent account.

Joachim's supreme honesty runs through all his life as well as his art. And if it has made difficulties for him, it has also brought triumphs. While still a young man he wrote thus to Liszt—the letter is more charming than this extract shows, and circumstances seemed to force it from him: "I am quite impervious to your music; it contradicts everything in the works of our great masters. . . . If it were possible to imagine that I should ever be robbed of . . . their works . . . your tones would not, even in part, fill the monstrous and overwhelming blank." He did not lose Liszt's friendship. How creditable to Liszt! Yes, but no less so to Joachim. Of the selfless devotee of art no better type can be named than Joseph Joachim.

FATHER PARSONS AND THE ENGLISH JESUITS.*

To write on the Jesuits has been at all times like the letting out of waters. It is a signal for controversy and a challenge to rip up old scandals, if not to invent plausible fictions. Queen Elizabeth called Mary Stuart "the daughter of debate"; since their foundation by the lame Spanish soldier Ignatius, the Great Company have been sons of debate, idolised, ostracised, slandered, as much an enigma to the world as if they were Freemasons or Rosicrucians. The subject lends itself to conjecture and is full of a sombre, almost melodramatic interest. Mr. Taunton feels how difficult it is, but also how important as a chapter in the history of England. Whatever view critics may take of the five hundred pages in which he deals with it, they cannot overlook his large and minute information, the wealth of documentary evidence on which he relies, his entire frankness, or the ease and energy of his style. To Catholics the book will be intensely fascinating; and as a work of reference it cannot fail to take its place on the shelves of public libraries. The opening chapters give us a sketch in tones extremely picturesque of England, Oxford, and the Catholic party, when matters had come to a crisis under Elizabeth. But Father Parsons is the hero, and his plottings, adventures, pamphlets, and controversies take up three-fourths of the volume. Nor can it be argued that he deserves a page less than he gets. This man, says Mr. Taunton boldly, is "the History of the Jesuits" in his time, a head and shoulders above them all, their one original genius.

If so, the general reader will conclude that, on the whole, they were nearly as black as they are painted. Not to admire the resource, subtlety, and daring of this extraordinary man would be impossible. But equally impossible we should find it to think him a saint. He was of the masterful secular type of ecclesiastic,—an Oxford Puritan turned Papal, fit to be hung in the same gallery with Richelieu. Perhaps Mr. Taunton would have done well to remind us that the sixteenth century had its own ideas, which are not ours, concerning government, toleration, diplomatic methods, and the rules of warfare. His Father Parsons, shown up in genuine but isolated correspondence, looks too much of a monster, more so than we should think him by the side of Burghley or Lethington. Certainly he was a traitor to Elizabeth; he played fast and loose with the King of Scots; he sold himself, though not for money, to Philip II.; he stuck at no fables that could advance his projects; he browbeat the wretched secular clergy, made a tool of Cardinal Allen, used the Pope's name without warrant, tyrannised over his subordinates, and did not scruple to propose a "Reformation" in England which would have degraded it into a second Spain. All this Mr. Taunton's quotations prove beyond cavil. He might have lightened some of his paragraphs by shortening the extracts from Parsons, who is long-winded as well as unctuous when he writes "ostensible letters." But there is the evidence, and defendant's counsel may think it advisable to allow the documents while speaking to character. About the facts one can hardly dispute at this time of day. What we should in fairness consider is the point of view.

Malvasia, writing from Flanders in 1596 to Aldobrandini, the Pope's nephew, brings this out clearly. "The Jesuits hold it as an axiom," he says, "confirmed by Father Parsons, that only by force of arms can the Catholic religion be restored"; they believe that "the only arms available are those of Spain"; and "they enter these countries with that idea firmly impressed upon them by their superiors." England was to be recovered by a crusade, framed on the mediæval lines, and to Parsons it appeared a matter of indifference who became King, provided he was not a heretic. Under the circumstances, what could this mean but a Spanish conquest? On the other hand, continues Malvasia, the *alumni* of the English colleges abroad, at Rheims or at Rome, hated Jesuits and Spaniards alike. They were loyal young men, thorough Anglo-Saxons, who did not want to be "Italianate" or "Hispaniolated," and whose feelings were utterly in accord with those of the imprisoned and downtrodden secular clergy as of the laymen who followed Lord Admiral Howard, renowned for his action during the Armada. Here was the situation, and Parsons saw it as we may see it now; but his politics were old-world, of the thirteenth century, when the Pope could dispose of kingdoms and a toleration of dissident Christians had never been imagined. Add the prevailing conception of statecraft, which took for granted that a politician might lie whenever it was expedient, and you will have a rule on which to measure the acts, the correspondence, the seeming inconsistencies of a man who pursued one simple aim for a full thirty years. Mr. Taunton explains him by the key of Puritanism, which he describes as a "mental attitude." That is piquant as well as profound. We suppose it to imply that Parsons was before all things theocratic; he believed in his Society as the General Staff of

* "History of the Jesuits in England, 1580-1773." By Ethelred L. Taunton. 21s. (Methuen and Co.)

Catholicism and desired that it should rule the world. Such was his vision of the Fifth Monarchy. An enthusiast in religion, he cared for nothing else and subdued the moral law to what he deemed higher ends.

Other personages, tragic enough, enter on the stage,—Campion, Southwell, Garnett,—a procession of the murdered, as in Æschylus, whom we look upon with curiosity and affright. The play has many acts, and is dispersed through quaint old country houses, chambers of torture, St. Paul's Churchyard; it halts again and again at Tyburn; it ends, in fact, though not in date, with the imbecile James II. and his accomplice, Father Petre. All Parsons' ideas and schemings came to naught. The Armada was the last crusade. It is well we should learn that religion overcomes only by spiritual weapons; and Mr. Taunton, in this very significant volume, teaches us the lesson forcibly once more.

POLITICAL THEORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGE.*

Edgar Quinet was philosopher no less than poet when, after the four-square greatness of classical civilisations, he characterised the Middle Ages as builders of dreams. The present volume, despite its close legal technicalities and severe scholarship, might be regarded in one aspect as a record of the majestic dreams with which medieval jurists and schoolmen sought to find or introduce unity among conflicting political developments. Prof. Maitland's introduction, itself a monument of careful research, gives, with perhaps over-elaborated detail, an interesting study of Dr. Gierke's larger work on the "Deutche Genossenschaftsrecht," or the legal and theoretical standing of corporations, in which, with the characteristic thoroughness of the German student, he has embodied a luminous exposition of the Political Theories of the Middle Age. This section Prof. Maitland has now translated, himself supplying a treatise on the rights of corporations and on the warring legal views which would regard such an organisation as an irresponsible *persona ficta* under the guardianship of its members, or, according to the later "realistic" theory, a "group-person" made up of the persons of its members. The subject is too complex and far-reaching to be here discussed, intimately connected though it is—since the State is but the Corporation writ large—with the political questions treated by Dr. Gierke in the book itself. In this able study we have brought before us the purely medieval conception of society as a great whole, an all-embracing corporation—*universitas*—founded and governed by God Himself, a magnificent vision which it was difficult to adjust, even theoretically, to the two-fold power of Church and Empire. "The Medieval Spirit steadily refuses to accept the Dualism as final. In some higher Unity reconciliation must be found . . . but over the nature of the reconciling process the great parties of the Middle Age fell a-fighting."

From this "fighting," this clash of contending forces and beliefs, was evolved the modern political world; and if its theories of government, based largely on the antique idea of the paramount value of the State, are less magnificent they are more manageable than the superb medieval vision of one "mystical body," with Christ as its head, in which each lesser entity, down to the humblest individual, must find its place. Dr. Gierke does not, however, in his study of what he styles "antique-modern" ideas, neglect to lay stress on the modifying heritage received from medieval thought, which, through all its exaltation of unity and the divinely appointed ruler, recognised "the absolute and imperishable value of the Individual; a thought revealed by Christianity and grasped in all its profundity by the Germanic spirit." Very finely our author traces the complex developments recorded by the publicists and schoolmen of the Middle Age. The strife between *Sacerdotium* and *Imperium*, in which the divinely entrusted "two swords" were wielded against each other, has grown familiar to the imagination of mankind, which even now feels the deep, instinctive division into Guelph and Ghibelline. More remote are the purely speculative conflicts which yet so largely determined the course of later thought, and it is to these that Dr. Gierke devotes himself. He summarises with force and clearness the views which held that even the power of Pope and Emperor was but delegated by Church and People; an opinion carried out with consistent Republicanism by that daringly original thinker Marsilius of Padua (who, alone among his contemporaries, ventured to advocate absorption of Church in State, and set forth in medieval guise many of the ideas of the French Revolution), and expressed in a more modified but still liberal form by Nicholas of Cues. The absolutist claims of the Emperors, notably the great Hohenstaufen, and still more those of the Popes, undermined this doctrine of the Represented People, making place for the later theory of the irresponsible divine right of kings and the reactionary revival of the idea of the State, while there was also developed and defined the belief in the sanctity of Natural Law as distinguished from the positive law to be abrogated at need by the Prince's will. So by descent from the Middle Age and reversion to older classic ideals, by the guidance of Aquinas and Aristotle, emerged our modern ideas of society and government. It is impossible in this space to follow out the intricacies through which Dr. Gierke moves so steadily, but his book, despite its overwhelming array of notes and authorities, is a singularly clear study of the early phases of political philosophy and public law. Praise must be accorded to the translator for his admirable version of a difficult work, in spite of his occasional coinage of a clumsy word.

* "Political Theories of the Middle Age." By Dr. Otto Gierke. Translated with an Introduction by Frederick William Maitland, LL.D., D.C.L. 10s. (Cambridge: University Press.)

EARLY ITALIAN LITERATURE.*

The modern neglect of Italian literature, deplored by Dr. Oelsner in his preface to his translation of its most eminent modern historian, is a frequent and reasonable subject of complaint. It is curious that it should be in a measure traceable to the increase of veneration for Italy's greatest writer. The age's gain in depth and spirituality has so enhanced the significance of Dante that all besides has been neglected in comparison, while there would be no reason to complain that Italian literature was neglected if it and Dante could be regarded as convertible terms. This enthusiasm for Dante is not principally a literary enthusiasm. It is patriotic, revolutionary, Neo-Catholic, spiritual, ethical, historical, compounded from a number of factors of which the literary is not the most important.

It is to be feared that this exclusive regard for Dante may interfere with the success of Dr. Oelsner's translation of Gaspary's excellent history. The author had too just a sense of proportion to allow Dante more space than his due in a general literary history. His account of him, therefore, though exactly what it ought to be in relation to its environment, cannot compete in fulness with the monographs especially devoted to the subject, which will accordingly be preferred by Dante students; while the account of the earlier period of Italian literature which occupies the remainder of the volume, admirably executed as it is, will not as a rule be found sufficiently interesting to attract general readers. To save the book from neglect, it must be recognised that, notwithstanding the wording of the title-page, it is not a mere history of early Italian literature, but the torso of a complete history; and it will be necessary to carry the translation on to the point where it was left unfinished by the author's death. It would then be something more than a fragment, and, were it possible to continue it to our own time, it would occupy a place in English literature not easy to disturb. Gaspary may lack the elegance of a Roscoe or a Ginguené, but the stores of new information through which the works of these historians have become antiquated have been used by him without tediousness or pedantry; and if research remains the strong point of his work, its purely literary qualities are still worthy of commendation, and appear to advantage in the generally idiomatic English of his accomplished translator.

* "The History of Early Italian Literature to the Death of Dante." Translated from the German of Adolf Gaspary by Herman Oelsner. (Bohn's Standard Library.) 3s. 6d. (George Bell and Sons.)

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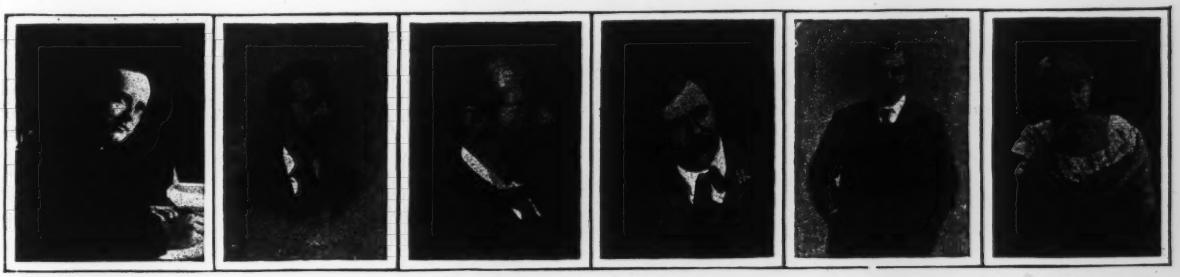

HON. AND REV. J. G. ADDERLEY. G. H. PERRIS. PROF. ALEX. MACALISTER. HAROLD FREDERIC. PROF. A. S. WILKINS. KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.
From Photographs by G. A. Padfield; Palmer Clarke, Cambridge; Warwick Brookes, Manchester; Gunn & Stuart, Richmond; Chancellor, Dublin.

NOVEL NOTES.

LOVE AND HIS MASK. By Ménie Muriel Dowie. 6s. (Heinemann.)

To say that "Love and His Mask" stands very high among the recent war novels is perhaps not praise enough. It can face stronger rivals than these, and it is decidedly the best story Mrs. Norman has yet written. It is full of quick wit and dash and abundant sentiment, and it might have been written by two collaborators, one who was in the field, and one who was at home, so vivid are the pictures of life in camp, and so accurate the reflection of the feeling of war-stirred circles in London. That it is of the ephemeral kind of fiction is a reproach it shares with nearly every other novel that appears; and though Mrs. Norman's power of grasping characteristics and circumstances shows itself mainly in her extraordinary quickness in seeing the amusing or the salient accidents, not the essentials, of character, let us be thankful for a power which is constantly entertaining. The plot is tremendously romantic. The heroine, who is very beautiful and clever, quite an enchantress, yet wants an inspiration in her life. She has had a delightful husband, now dead, and all sorts of men have been in love with her, and one of these, a gallant young fellow, she has a hearty liking for. But she cannot have what her soul desires save from an unknown friend. "To know anyone thoroughly, even if loving them deeply, is to have inevitable reserve." Galled by these "inevitable reserves," she buys a typewriter, and sends very beautiful anonymous letters, completely veiling her identity, to Major-General Riddington, commanding a brigade in South Africa. He is to her the embodiment of strength of every kind. In these she pours out her whole mind. And Riddington likes the letters immensely. "The man who stayed never upon a success; who cut short the speech-makings, the champagne drinkings; the man who was afoot for fresh conquest before the laurel could be twisted, let alone placed upon his brow," he, too, was lonely of soul. Of course every reader hopes that when Riddington is invalided home, and meets Leslie, she will stammer or blush a disclosure, and that she will be comfortably inconsistent, and make up her mind that she can marry her hero and still have none of the "inevitable reserves" which make her soul mournful. But, no, she is majestically true to her plan. Riddington remains the friend of her spirit, with whom she need have no paltry converse; and she is very happily married to her gallant and devoted Yeoman. There is a great variety in the personages of the story, and the hour in which we live is very brightly reflected. There is shrewd comment and satire and millinery and patriotism. Above all, it is the book to entertain all who like to be talked to and written for by one "in the know."

SAWDUST. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The title of the story, by the bye, refers only to one circumstance, and not to any essential dryness, grittiness, or dulness in its atmosphere or material. On the contrary, the tale is fresh, romantic, and charming. A wild stretch of forest land in the lower Carpathians has come, by sharp practice, into the hands of a German whose whole life is devoted to "getting on." He has no ulterior motive. He hates luxury, despises all pleasure, all culture. Work is the one call to which his spirit responds. So the hills begin to be stripped of their trees, which are cut up in a giant sawmill of the latest pattern. In this he is heroically industrious, and entirely unscrupulous. Meanwhile, up in the hill the dispossessed owner is living in poverty with his bright young daughter. She is losing her opportunities of gaiety and finery, and he has to fall out of all the activities and pursuits of men of his station. It should be a dismal situation, but it isn't. They are both happy; she is healthy and an ardent sportswoman; and he, by nature a philosopher, finds his true self at last in growing roses and meditating on life. But down at the sawmill there is a young man, the son of the German who dispossessed them. The meetings of the young rich plebeian and the poor noble maiden in the forest make a charming idyll. The course of their true love does not run smooth till Rudolf is as poor as she—for ill-luck comes to the sawmill owner, after he has built a palace in which he dwells uncomfortably; and he has to give it up to a sporting prince, who lets the land go back to wildness. The forest, be it said, is one of the principal personages in the book. Everyone is released in the end, and goes to his true vocation, as the Count had in the beginning: the forest to its silence, broken only by the call of the hunters, Rudolf from the grim servitude under his father to an open-air life as estate manager, and his father, to whom luxury and its accompaniments had been a constant vexation, to the cheerful lot of a poor man bent once more on making a fortune.

THE COWARD. By R. L. Jefferson. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Coward is a bad name, but it is hardly adequate as an epithet for Mr. Jefferson's hero, who, according to his own confession, has every mean vice in the world. He is so incredibly vile that we are indignant when he is shot in the end on respectable American soil. Is the sordid story meant as a satire on the literary profession—for the detestable creature gives us to understand he has been a successful writer? Is it a plain way of telling us that the journalistic and literary worlds of London have sunk so low that they could be impressed even for a moment by this incredibly vulgar and obtuse young Catesby, who passes through them with some *éclat* on his way to the dogs? But we don't believe in Catesby's romances, which we think he wrote to enliven the tedium of a house of correction, to which he involuntarily retired after being dismissed by his respectable father, the grocer.

A WOMAN ALONE. Three Stories. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 6s. (Methuen.)

We have to go back to Mrs. Clifford's "Aunt Anne" to find anything so good from her pen as the first of these three stories, at least. "A Woman Alone" may be morbid, and a very painful example of feminine abjectness, but it is true nevertheless, and we do not feel the abundant pity we shed over Blanche is wasted. She is a very comprehensible being, though she comes under the reproach of being un-English. Her needs were too many for her to be satisfied. She needed an atmosphere of enthusiasm for ideas; she needed to feel the people round her were doing or thinking or imagining something; she needed a great deal of contact with human beings; and she needed domestic love. Her husband was a brute with a monomania for being left alone. If it were suggested to him he should think something or do something, his mind and body refused to budge. He hated crowds. Domesticity galled him. He despised his wife's friends, and was jealous of her influence over them. He went away, kept

complete silence for years, and she nearly died of it. We believe everything save Mrs. Clifford's suggestion that he loved her all the time. Bowden is a terrible specimen of the modern monster, and, alas! that we should say it, we think him even probable. "Marie Zellinger," the tale of the young poetic beauty with the unpaid bills, is a slighter affair. But "Miss Williamson" is in Mrs. Clifford's best half-grim, wholly pathetic manner.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER. An Everyday Romance. By Maxwell Gray (M. G. Tuttiett). 6s. (Heinemann.)

An everyday romance, the writer calls this! Then what are sensations made of? We have romantic meetings, we have a fine military man knocked into a duck-pond by the heroine, we have the fine military man's most mean, most caddish revenge; we see the lady listening to the funeral sermon of her beloved, dead in a far land, and we have the beloved turning up again, a tremendous hero, much battered and bruised, but still marriageable. Such things everyday matters! And there are some incidents in "Maxwell Gray's" new story that never happen at all. It is neither very probable nor very consequent; but yet the book has been written in a cheerful mood and should amuse. It is a little overburdened by its quotations, however, which are too many and too fine for it.

THE STORY OF EVA. By Will Payne. 6s. (Constable.)

The commonplace must have its occasional vindication—we do not mean in life, where it always gets its due—but in literature, and not only unconsciously, by the commonplace writers, but by the clever ones, who would be quite justified in taking up a superior attitude. This is the purpose of Mr. Payne's very able, very interesting, very shrewd "Story of Eva." Eva is a young woman clerk in Chicago who attracts a young man in a better station than her own, after she has left her impossible first husband. She is good, simple, wholesome, wholly unintelligent, commonplace, very kind, and harmlessly vulgar. But she is the heroine of the book. Mr. Payne will not let us cast one look of admiration at her lover, Marvin, with the Vandyke beard and the distinguished appearance, and the unfulfilled aspirations. Those things seem to us at least quite as harmless as Eva's vulgarities; but Mr. Payne has no mercy on them. A man is only to be scorned who in a fit of romance sets off for Paris, and then just goes home again, and who wears a Vandyke beard although he is no artist. Marvin's will is indeed not very strong, but as he earns a handsome living for Eva honestly, and as her ignorance and commonplaceness must have jarred on a part of him not all contemptible, we think he is rather hardly dealt with. He was not very forcible; yet there is perhaps the more hope for Eva's child that its father did have aspirations, though they were unfulfilled. But the writer turns him on the spit of his scorn, till circumstances compel Marvin to own he is the poorest of living things, and till he gives himself body and soul into the keeping of Eva. Eva will make an excellent house mother, we are sure, and we need the less resent this song of triumph of the Ordinary, that we have a hearty liking for her, its wholesome embodiment.

THE LAND OF COCKAYNE. By Matilde Serao. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Zola has never written a more terrible account of a social evil than Madame Serao's tale of Neapolitan lotteries. Doubtless it is of the nature of a tract, a dramatic tract; but save that we seem to see concentrated in her pages all the evil in its awful variety of forms, there is no exaggeration. Every several tale is true; and every one tells of the same poisoning of the life of the people by the two contending forces, locked there in a deadly alliance, of poverty and the lust of gambling. There is no preaching; but tale upon tale is heaped of homes and honour wrecked; men and women are painted in colours true to the life, ruining themselves blindly, exultantly, defiantly, being false to all the good that is in them in obedience to a mocking demon. Don Crescenzio, Don Ninetto, Colaneri, Trifari, and his poor peasant parents, Carmela, the Marchese di Formosa, Bianca Maria, they pass, haunted, doomed spectres, each with their story made of their heart's blood, and all ending in degradation or death. Madame Serao is relentless. She might have spared us Bianca Maria, let Dr. Amati save her, we think. But the curse visits the transgressions of the fathers on the innocent children; and death is at least release from a tortured destiny. She may not marry, is her father's decree; she must be a virgin and a visionary, that spirits may tell her the lucky numbers; and life is hideous. There are other tragedies in the book quite as great, but the ruin of the old Cavalcanti is the most shuddering tale of all in this strong book with its roll of victims, the miserable dreamers of the Land of Cockayne. The translation is not perfect. All English readers are not likely to know the financial meaning of "combination," and the repetition of "bored" again and again, when a much more serious sensation is referred to, is irritating. But there are no serious faults to hide the force and fire of the original.

THE LITTLE TIN GODS. By Jessie E. Livesay. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

This is a story with abundance of cleverness in it, and it is entirely unsatisfactory. The entry of an adventuress into stiff and respectable country society always promises some entertainment, which does not quite fail us here. But the adventuress, though clever and beautiful, is particularly mean, and the young woman she does her best to injure is very dull. Besides, the good one exasperates us by dying for no reason at all, and the end of a book which should have seen a proper shaking up of the people into their own lots—the respectables relegated to calm, prosperous domesticity and the adventurers to their lively, uncertain prospects—is all a muddle. The muddle is in the writer's mind, for she sneers at the respectables, and justifies them; and even while she seems to be holding a brief for the Bohemians, she hits them in a back-handed way. But Miss Livesay has gifts for satire, and when she conceives a better plan will do good work.

THE WOOING OF SHEILA. By Grace Rhys. 6s. (Methuen.)

There is a breath from a fresher world than ours blowing through this graceful and charming story, which saves itself partly from the accusation of being but a fairy-tale by putting back the clock somewhat, but mostly by being not a story of our country at all. The Sheila of the early pages could never have grown on English soil. Her manners, her speech, her quaint pieties and idealisms spring from a wilder soil and a softer air. Where is to be found a more gracious Irish maiden than she, or a more perfect wooing than Michael's of the lonely girl on the hill? But—to tell the truth, we rather regret it—Mrs. Rhys does not stop at the prettily idyllic. There are dark pages in the lives of the folks of the country-side. The trouble touches Sheila and Michael very nearly; and it seems as if the whole idyll were to be engulfed in tragedy. That we are spared, owing to a local magistrate's having a fine conception of the higher justice. When Michael tells him he has killed a man in a passion, and relates the circumstances, he says, "It was a good riddance"—which was the truth—"and you had provocation; so let's say no more about it." And we are made to feel that the dark days of well-nigh madness through which the homicide passed were expiation enough. A powerful imagination has stamped many of the pages with real beauty and force. The description of that fine old villain, Michael's father, and the rowdy gentry of the neighbourhood, the story of Mick-a-Dandy, and of the hero's pilgrimage to Kiltubride, we shall not soon forget.

RETALIATION. By Herbert Flowerdew. 6s. (Constable.)

There is good material here in this story of literary life, and it is worked with vigour and talent. The hero's career of almost too unbroken success in his profession is nearly wrecked by his good qualities and his bad, by devotion to the poor, weak, stupid sister whom he has taken away from her country home to share his fortune, and by his stubborn revenge against those who have used him ill, taking in, in its first fiery circle, the innocent woman whom he afterwards learned to love. Mr. Flowerdew is a shrewd observer of men and manners, and there is some lively play of character in his latest story.

LA BELLA, and Others. Being Certain Stories, etc., collected by Egerton Castle. New Edition. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

In their new form Mr. Egerton Castle's stories should have a fresh success. They are thrillingly romantic and pictur-

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FREDERICK GREENWOOD. PROF. W. H. BENNETT. THE LATE PROF. MAX MÜLLER. MARY CHOLMONDELEY. G. K. CHESTERTON. D. S. MELDRUM.
From Photographs by Russell & Sons; Lenville & Co., Hampstead; Elliott & Fry; H. & R. Stiles, Kensington; Rettie, Kirkcaldy.

esque, some of them frankly melodramatic but with a genuine accent of passion. The clash of the sword is heard through the pages, but "La Bella" is specially devoted to the praise and romance of artistic swordsmanship. That the writer of "Schools and Masters of Fence" is also an accomplished story-teller is for all admirers of the fencing-ground a happy chance. A separate word of appreciation is due to Mrs. Castle's "Master Huldebrand," which brings the lively volume to a close.

THE DEVIL'S PLOUGH. By Anna Farquhar. 6s. (Macqueen.)

An excellent story of adventure is "The Devil's Plough," and it contains a serious study of character, too. A tale of the Court of Anne of Austria, its hero, a famous Jesuit preacher and energetic missionary, plays a curious double part, of saint and of gallant, plays them both well because he is, in fact, both, forced into two rôles by his complicated nature. Which wins in the end we do not reveal. It is better that readers should hear the excellent and moving story of Gaston de L'Artanges from Miss Farquhar than from us.

LENA LAIRD. By W. J. Laidlay. 6s. (Sands.)

Here is a novel with a laudable purpose. At first sight it seems only a pleasant and interesting tale of the love affairs of an artist and a musician, of their life in the artistic world of Paris, and the struggling beginnings of their united career. But careful reading discloses a deeper plan. Mr. Laidlay may be remembered as the author of a determined attack on the Royal Academy. A story of artistic life gives him another chance, and he takes it cheerfully, illustrating vigorously in the lives of his chief personages the effect of the stupidity and the vices of that popular institution. More power to him!

THE DREAM WOMAN. By Kythe Wylwynne. 6s. (Unwin.)

Here is a marvellous book, and quite indescribable. The lady from whose pen it purports to come says she began to write the tale nine times, and nine times she tore up the sheet, "for the beginning was all wrong." Even this tenth essay seems to us to come out rather queerly. But we may misunderstand the canons of "a story of strong warfare, awful passion-throes, death, destruction on a widespread scale, fire, and fury." The hero is one Merle Morne-Merne. Say it quite slowly, and very solemnly, and it becomes easy after a time. Everything about Merle Morne-Merne is very solemn, and no wonder. For he is not really M.M.M., but Astaphai, and his wife Maris, whose statue, a perfect likeness, he had made years before he had seen her, is not Maris, but Marcia. In ordinary life as Mr. and Mrs. Morne-Merne they are decidedly dull and heavy and prosperous, and the adventurous careers of their past selves are hardly credible. But the key to the problem is, we believe, to be found in the apparently harmless remark of the wife to her husband that sometimes he *does* joke. Now he never jokes overtly, so we rush to the conclusion he jokes secretively, that, in fact, all his dreaming and romancing about the time when he was Astaphai was a big, elaborate, solemn joke got up to make his innocent wife believe he was a tremendous person, quite as romantic as his name, and incite her to write a book about him, which is the least she could do for one who addresses her as "Wife mine!" adding, "your intuitive power is wonderful." It is a theory that doesn't account for all the marvels that are told; but "The Dream Woman" hardly tempts to an exhaustive solution of its problems.

THE HOUSE OF DE MAILLY. By Margaret Horton Potter. 6s. (Harpers.)

The historical romance is very much with us of late, and if it were always as good as "The House of de Mailly" we should be glad to have even more of it. The action of this story passes chiefly in the dissolute court of Louis XV. of France, and it is the fate of Claude de Mailly that Louis is successively enamoured of the two women he loves. First it is his cousin, Marie Anne, Countess de Châteauroux, who, being heartless and ambitious, rejects the passionate love of Claude and becomes the mistress of the King, and as Claude will not quietly accept his lot, he is exiled until such time as he can return with a wife. He goes to America, and there meets with Deborah Travis, who works in her aunt's still room, and is learned in the use of herbs and medicinal poisons. She turns her knowledge to good account by saving Claude's life when he is dying of a fever, and her innocence and girlish sweetness win his heart. He returns home with her as his wife, and, her beauty fascinating the King, he finds himself in conflict with Louis as before. His love is deeper and truer now than it was then, and to get rid of his rivalry the King banishes him again, and seeks to dazzle Deborah with promises of unlimited wealth and honour if she will remain with him instead of sharing her husband's exile. The closing scenes are intensely dramatic. Some judicious excisions, a little condensation, and this would have been a really notable book; as it is, even with too long waits between the acts, it is a powerfully written and absorbing romance.

THE SEVEN HOUSES. By Hamilton Drummond. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The "Houses" are the seven sections or divisions employed by astrologers in the casting and drafting of horoscopes, and the horoscope, in this instance, is that of the little Denise, fatherless at her birth and motherless an hour after. She is heiress of her grandsire, the aged Guy, lord of the suzerainty of Lhoeac, and grows up for a while under his guardianship, compassed about with perils, at which the astrologer had hinted, from the cupidity and ambition of the unscrupulous priest, her guardian's younger brother Henri. On the death of Guy, smarting under the failure of his earlier schemes, Henri makes a bold attempt to get his young niece and her property into his possession, but is baffled by testamentary arrangements made by Guy and faithfully carried out by a staunch retainer, the Englishman Roger Patcham. Roger's bluntness proves more than a match for the priest's duplicity, until, in the long run, Henri apparently succeeds in his most daring design only to find that his own gains slip through his fingers and he has opened for Denise a door to the greatest happiness of her life. An absorbing narrative, full of colour and life, and uncommonly well written.

THE LADY OF LYNN. By Sir Walter Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)

In the matter of plots Sir Walter Besant's fertility and ingenuity seem to have remained undiminished to the end. The plot of "The Lady of Lynn" is remarkably fresh and ingenious; Lord Fylingdale's villainous scheme for entrapping Molly Miller into marriage, and his even more daring and successful attempt to prove a marriage which had never taken place, and possess himself, if not of Molly, at least of her fortune, are cleverly invented and no less cleverly told. The unravelling of the mystery is, towards the close, slightly mechanical, and the giving verbatim of the written and spoken confessions of five out of the six conspirators is

superfluous, seeing that from the first the reader is kept informed of all that happens as the schemes develop; nevertheless, even these statements are so presented as to escape being any way tedious. Sir Walter Besant was a rare craftsman, and this latest book will rank with his best—it is a picturesque, romantic, and exciting story that will be read, every page of it, with pleasure unalloyed, except by regret that the man who wrote it will write no more.

MARNA'S MUTINY. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Whatever else he might say about Mrs. Fraser, the most exacting could not charge her with dulness. There is some padding in this book, certainly, but it is lively padding, and so may be forgiven. The scene is laid in Japan, but the only aggressively Japanese elements of the story are a cyclone and an earthquake, the former of which serves the useful purpose of bringing the principal characters together under Marna's roof. Marna is the wilful daughter of a Scandinavian Consul in Japan, and mutinies against her father's second marriage to a scheming widow, and, when she has abandoned hope, triumphs through a discovery which, in some of its details, taxes the reader's credulity to the verge of bankruptcy, but is vastly entertaining nevertheless. Incidentally, of course, Marna has a love affair of her own, which commences with a ludicrous mishap, and is conducted with a tantalising capriciousness that is natural to her. In the background, but scarcely less pleasing, are the love adventures of the unconventional Betty, sordid in their progress, but rising to an idyllic tenderness at the close. It is a bright, brisk, wholesome novel that will disappoint none of Mrs. Fraser's many admirers and should win her many more.

BLOOM OR BLIGHT. By Dorothea Conyers. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Everything is interesting, but not to everybody, and, as a rule, the riding and hunting novel does not appeal greatly to the general reader. In "Bloom or Blight" there are two accidents on the field, but Miss Conyers entirely subordinates her riding and hunting episodes to a theme in which all the world has a common interest. The plot is simplicity itself. Evan Saville and Priscilla Denver are playmates in childhood. Later, they are secretly in love with each other, yet when the girl's father dies bankrupt and she goes to live with a vulgar, wealthy, unsympathetic aunt, he leaves England for a time without so much as writing or telling her in any way of his feelings towards her. This is needful to the story, but unnatural. When he returns, everything looks like coming right between them, and the conclusion is something in the nature of a surprise, which vindicates Priscilla's ingenuousness if not her constancy. The characterisation is good, and for all its slenderness, the plot is sufficient in Miss Conyers' hands to make an exceedingly interesting novel.

THE SEAL OF SILENCE. By Arthur R. Conder. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

It is not often that the first book of a young author is so well manipulated a piece of literary work, so free from crudities, as is this, the first, and unhappily the posthumous novel, of Mr. Arthur Conder. The plot of "The Seal of Silence" is good, and the interest is well maintained; but it is in the freshness of the treatment, the briskness of the narrative, the excellent characterisation—a certain intimate individualising of every-day characters—that the great charm and merit of the book lie. The story may be said to begin with "Old Tawny," who had been lecturer in Moral Philosophy at Oxford, but it goes on to Old Tawny's son and nephew, who meet and part, and meet and part, and meet and part, with important and sensational results. The traces of the amateur hand in this book are nowhere irritating; here and there we may smile at coincidences, here and there note a touch of melodrama. But the coincidences are not artificial in effect; and the author himself disarmed criticism as regards the melodrama; he saw it, his characters saw it, and the events bear the treatment so well that no one resents it. Whether dealing with man or nature, with disaster or comedy, the author has shown himself strong, sympathetic, observant, and at ease. His book is a good book, containing so much promise that we must most sincerely regret the impossibility of its fulfilment.

BONANZA. By Ernest G. Henham. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Wealth, and the evil wrought by wealth, are the chief subjects of this tale. The hero, Rupert Petrie, lived his life, till twenty-one, in a log hut by Yellow Sands River, in the "outside world," with a taciturn father, and Indian men and maidens for his companions. After the father's death, however, there are letters found, and a "plan" denoting a country and a spot where gold is to be found. These facts will indicate the nature of the story, but of the adventures, the vicissitudes, and the unscrupulous villains who swiftly put in an appearance, the book itself must tell. The story is direct, vivid, and picturesque; the sordidness of the gold-hunt, and the beauty and peace of Nature, are skilfully revealed; and a spirited adventure tale is strengthened by artistic detail and graceful handling of the love-theme.

LONDON ONLY. A Set of Common Occurrences. By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

No one can compete with Mr. Pett Ridge on his own ground, in an intimate knowledge of the speech, the humour, and the manners of the London of to-day. Perhaps his peculiar property is the London boy, that thing of endless resource, capability, impudence, with occasionally an embryo heart in his bosom. Alfy Martin, Sizzle, the boy from Essex, and Vanguard Hemmings are delightful specimens, and though in actual life they would have whistled in an excruciating fashion, we are sure, yet we advise everyone to seek an introduction to them through the safe yet lively medium of Mr. Pett Ridge's pages. But we are doubtful if one of these charming urchins be the hero of the best tale, for we are inclined to hold that to be the one called "Trial and Verdict," where a terribly instructive young man has to run the gauntlet of his fiancée's family, and is only saved from ultimate disaster by the dauntless courage of the girl, dauntless, indeed, since it involved marrying all his information besides himself. The book is compact of entertainment. Kindly laughter lights up the pages from first to last.

THE LION'S BROOD. By Duffield Osborne. 6s. (Heinemann.)

It is a far cry to Hannibal and Lake Trasimene, and novel-readers may pause before sending their minds and imaginations off on such a journey. But if they have the resolution to make the journey, they may rest assured that Mr. Osborne will keep them there fast till his story is told. He has a good story to tell of Lucius the young Roman patrician, of the valiant maid Marcia, of the struggles of plebeians and nobles, of the great Hannibal and his terrible Numidian hordes. There is plenty of scholarship stored in the writer's mind; but he only extracts drama from it for us. The plot is conceived with some subtlety and real effect; the story presents a moving page of history far above the general level of those devoted to camps and calls to arms.

THE EXTERMINATION OF LOVE. A Fragmentary Study in Erotics. By E. Gerard. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Brisk common sense and fun, including a good deal of caricature, make a lively book of "The Extermination of Love," which is a mild satire on some recent scientific theories about the best means of propagating the race. Dr. Peterstorff's uxorious later years revenged his early pedantry, yet that no great tragedy happened in the meanwhile he had to thank an undeserved kind fate. But Madame de Laszowska does not suggest tragedy, only the pathos of poor, emotional Gusti's dreary years before her husband's encephalic tumour was removed, and he became a less scientific and a more genial human being. The caricature in young Augusta's portrait is rather broad; but commonsensible readers will doubtless think any stick is good enough to beat intellectual fools with.

CRUCIAL INSTANCES. By Edith Wharton. 5s. net. (Murray.)

That a story-writer's bounden duty is to write well, that is, with care, precision, and what beauty is at his command, is a first principle with Mrs. Wharton. She showed it in her admirable book—"A Gift from the Grave"—for the doleful title of which she was not responsible—and no less does she show it in the tales in this new volume. Each is excellently written. Each bears witness to real imagination and to well-digested culture. Unfortunately, the book leads off with the

OCTOBER, 1891—SEPTEMBER, 1901.

FREDERICK WEDMORE. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD. ROSALINE MASSON. MAY SINCLAIR. E. V. LUCAS.

From Photographs by Elliott & Fry, Alfred Ellis, H. & R. Stile.

weakest story. The theme of "The Duchess at Prayer" is one that Mr. Hardy could have dealt with effectively in his own restrained way; but the hand that wrote "A Group of Noble Dames" is a very exceptional one; and this grim Italian tale is tedious. But all the others are entirely successful, subtle in conception, sympathetic in sentiment, and artistic in execution. "The Moving Finger" is an exquisitely delicate bit of work, which might have been born in the brain of Hawthorne; but as a story, a noble, heroic, and romantic story, we give the crown to "The Confessional." Hers is not the kind of pen likely to be very prolific; but for whatever may come from it in the future we shall look with keen expectation.

THE LUCK OF THE VAILS. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

In his stories of English life Mr. Benson usually trusts more to manner than to plot for the amusement of his readers; but here he has got hold of a very pretty sensation, and treated it most effectively. It is something of a triumph to throw us off the scent so completely as he does with regard to Francis's character, which is treated throughout with a subtlety that is generally wanting in melodrama. For the most interesting portion of the book is melodrama. There is an ordinary pleasant love-story, and there is some light, bantering dialogue, enough to give it the flavour of a society novel. But we pay little heed to these. The setting might just as well have been mediæval, for it is the jewelled Luck, and the perils by fire and rain and frost of the young hero, and the creeping wiles of the crafty villain, and his dark exits and entrances by secret staircases, that hold us fast. But no doubt it gives a piquancy to hear the most up-to-date speech in the neighbourhood of jewelled Lucks and swinging panels and dogging murderers.

THE ETERNAL CHOICE. By Edward H. Cooper. 6s. (Pearson.)

There is strong and tender work in Mr. Cooper's novel. It is the writing of a man who feels with men as well as observes them. He enters, for the time, into the heart and soul of each man he portrays. We say each *man*, intentionally, for good as is the characterisation of his women, his men are, indisputably, the more important. He touches the heights of joy with them; he goes down with them into sorrow. He says, though not in actual words, "See how this man erred, or made his mistake; see how it began, and how possible it is." He does not concur, but he understands, and he can write of what he understands. It is tantamount to affirming simply, "I am drawing real human nature for you"; and he is. A firm, lucid style, a wide, tolerant outlook, a keen eye for men and manners—all men and all manners—and a sense of humour, have here resulted in an unusually able and interesting novel, one appealing to mind and heart. But Mr. Cooper should never have given us to understand that Ralph was stupid. He was many things, but not a fool in that sense.

PRO PATRIA. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Our occasional scares on the question of foreign invasion are a favourite material for fiction. It seems as if we enjoyed this particular kind of shudder very much indeed. But if the ingenious writers invent these stories as a solemn warning they must be disappointed of their effect. For our enjoyment comes mainly from our sense of the ludicrousness of any foreign foe shaking *our* safety. Mr. Pemberton has been as inventive as is his wont, and nearly as romantic. The tale of the Channel tunnel, that was well begun near Calais harbour, is rich in incident of the most surprising kind. Moreover, it is not even discourteous to France, which is wonderful, indeed, in a story of the kind. By means of a gallant English hero and a charming French heroine he has managed to be both patriotic and polite.

THE CURIOUS CAREER OF RODERICK CAMPBELL. By Jean N. McIlwraith. 6s. (Constable.)

What a loss it would have been to the reading world if James II. had proved a satisfactory monarch and the succession had never been changed! And of the many stories that have gathered about the romantic figure of the young Pretender, Roderick Campbell's merits a place among the best. Roderick himself, a quaint, whimsical character-study, comes into the opening chapter, a sergeant of the Edinburgh Town Guard, peaceable, easy-going, shrewd, obese, and already middle-aged. Though his sympathies are not with the Jacobites, he drifts into fighting for them, but, being captured, passes as a non-combatant and enlists with the enemy; later, in goodnaturedly engineering the escape of a Jacobite prisoner, his former colonel, he changes sides again. After the rebellion is crushed and his shrewish wife casts him off, he sets sail on no very hopeful quest with his young crony and nephew Gib. an Edinburgh street "cadie." In Canada, after divers misadventures, Roderick is captured by Indians, and getting adopted with their tribe, readily makes himself one of them, until he has occasion to return to civilised life; rejoins the tribe again voluntarily, only to relapse into civilisation again at last, fighting and working impartially, in the meanwhile, for whichever side he chances to be with. His character is developed with admirable reticence and humour. It grows upon the reader that the nonchalant old rogue is fond of animals and birds, and, childless himself, of children, all of whom are naturally drawn to him; then, too, notwithstanding his loose loyalty, the sight of a Highland regiment goes to his heart and makes him ashamed of his paint and feathers. Of fighting and perilous enterprise there is enough both for Roderick and Gib, but the wooing is for Gib only, and the story of his long and apparently hopeless devotion, and what came of it in the end, makes some of the pleasantest reading in an uncommonly clever book.

MR. LEOPOLD LUGWELL, HIS BIRTH AND UPBRINGING. By Philip Sterne. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Leopold Lugwell has very little to do with this book. He was born, and petted, sent to school for a day, and bullied; he took dancing lessons, and was developing into an over-the-average little snob; but he does not affect the tale till we reach the two hundred and seventy-second page, and we part from him at ten years old easily and with no regrets. The story is really concerned with his parents, Benjamin Lugwell, the middle-aged banker, and his young, self-willed wife, with his enemy and her friend, with an old grievance and a foiled vendetta. There are patches of good work in the book, and a promise of something more consistently good in the future.

PLATO'S HANDMAIDEN. By Lucas Cleeve. 6s. (Long.)

Cleverness, bitterness, and inevitableness are the notes struck early in this story, and they are resonant to the last

page. Georgiana Rollit meant well, was clever, warm-hearted, generous, faithful, and could have been charmingly platonic. But she married a dull, middle-aged prig, had an evil sister-in-law, started a bonnet-shop, put undue trust in untrustworthy man, her brother included (there is not a trustworthy one in the book, so she could scarcely do otherwise), and was altogether heavily handicapped in her innocent career. The book is ingenious and entertaining; but it is apt to leave its reader with an extra touch of pessimism and a distrust of persons who study their finger-nails.

THE REDEMPTION OF DAVID CORSON. By C. F. Goss. 6s. (Methuen.)

Let it not be thought we would depreciate this book in calling it a pretty story. It is so in a very good sense of the words. There is a great deal of mild but quite genuine poetry in it, a sweet, gentle quietism in its religious sentiment; and so tender an attitude towards human frailties that a reader must be ferocious indeed not to be touched. A Quaker preacher of great natural eloquence and deep mystic feeling is drawn away from the strait path by his love for a beautiful young Spaniard, who has been stolen and brought up by gypsies, and then stolen again, though in legal form, by a travelling quack. The love that has made him err, however, in time, and after much tribulation, brings him back again. Mr. Goss has a real sense of romance, and writes often with great charm; and the reader, unless he is in too strenuous a mood, will admire at least, if he be not taken captive. It is all in a minor key; but there is more power in it than in many a more blustering tale.

MARY BRAY × HER MARK. By Jenner Tayler. 3s. 6d. (Long.)

So far as this is a story of the woods, of the great, silent, mysterious forests of America, it is excellent. And even otherwise there is an element of originality in it. It is mainly the record of a journey through the forest of a young backwoods woman and a young Englishman who is her guide and protector. Mary is a very rough diamond. Her speech is beyond description save by voluminous quotation. It is at once both prosy and vulgar. And though hardy and outspoken, she is quite too much of a prude. We criticised her, we confess, during the journey, though her companion did not, and Mr. Jenner Tayler is eloquent on her beauty. But Mr. Tayler is disappointing. Does he really admire his heroine? He is afraid of bringing her to civilised tests, and rather than do so makes her die shortly after her marriage, leaving her husband most disconsolate.

GOOD SOULS OF CIDERLAND. By Walter Raymond. 6s. (Richards.)

Under this name Mr. Raymond reprints his delightful "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter" and "Young Sam and Sabina," two of the ablest and most charming presentments of rural life that recent years have given us. To these he adds "A Son of a Saint" and "A Complete Change," short sketches of life and character in the west country, of rather less interest and power, humble but not unworthy neighbours of the two that have already won our admiration and gratitude.

A WOMAN OF YESTERDAY. By Caroline A. Mason. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Here we find a study of American religious life of singular beauty and refinement. The central character, Anna Mallisson, has been reared in a clear, cold, austere atmosphere such as would freeze and kill most souls, or drive them to revolt. She does not revolt. She emerges from it gentle and warm-hearted, and while renouncing none of its austerity, widens her horizon. "A scaffolding over a conscience," some one calls her who knows her superficially. The men over whom she wields a special influence are likewise skilful studies in religious character; and in the community of Fraternia, of which they and she become part, is presented one of those many interesting experiments in democratic Christian living, which America has furnished for the edification of less adventurous nations.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

SOME BOOKS OF VERSE. (1) Songs of Lucilla. 3s. 6d. net. (E. Mathews.) (2) Poems. By Lady Margaret Sackville. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

The author of the Songs of Lucilla writes in a pleasant, cultivated way mostly about agreeable things. He has read a great deal, travelled a great deal, and looked appreciatively at many pictures; and whenever he gets intellectual or artistic enjoyment out of these things he writes a poem about the event. Indeed, in this kind of poem he sometimes goes beyond his experiences, as in—

"O steppe, that I have never seen,
Shall never see,"

which reads like a parody of himself. But he has written his book with excellent taste and feeling, and there is poetry in it. But Lady Margaret Sackville's dainty little volume is compact of poetry. Hers is not a popular note, for though her melody may please, the undercurrent of lonely and resolute idealism uttered in "Pan and the Maiden," and in the dialogue between a man and his dreams, is sure to be called inhuman. If only the maiden in the first had relented and fallen into the youth's arms and begged to be saved from Pan, instead of running to the god in the forest, she would have met with more sympathy. But the something fierce and faëry in the book is what gives it distinction, and it will find some to understand it.

THE CRY OF THE POOR. By Robert H. Sherard. 3s. 6d. net. (Digby, Long.)

This "true and faithful account of a three months' tour among the pariahs of the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, during the last half-year of the nineteenth century," is a heart-rending thing. The accounts of personal experiences in nearly all the great towns of Great Britain and Ireland are brief and not purposely sensational. The writer, who tramped the streets, slept in doss-houses, hung about docks for work, and fared as did the casual labourer out of a job, recounts the misery, but not hopelessly. There are remedies for the worst of it, he believes. Drink accounts for much of the wretchedness, but the shameless neglect of the housing of the people accounts for more. His tolerant, intelligent, unofficial attitude is the most fitting one to rouse readers, who are outside all the misery and the effort towards relief of it, from their general apathy.

THE LIFE AND POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE CRABBE. 6s. net. (Murray.)

We never got that often meditated Selection of Crabbe by Edward FitzGerald. Surely someone will set himself to the task one day, and extract the best from one of the sturdiest painters of English life. Indeed, the best needs extraction from the great tedious mass, and would well reward the miner and introduce the poet to many who will be frightened away by the reappearance of the old edition of the complete works, with its lengthy biography by the poet's son. Would Mr. Hardy write a preface to such a selection? In his charming paper on Barnes he refers to the greater grip of life which Crabbe had in comparison with the Dorsetshire poet and other poets of English rustic scenes. Crabbe as one of the early realists might be the subject of a very interesting study. But in the meanwhile there is the big, handsomely-bound volume before us, with a fund of good stuff, and some little poetry, too, for such as have leisure and a taste for the verse romances of yesterday.

THE USE OF WORDS IN REASONING. By Alfred Sidgwick. 7s. 6d. (Adam and Charles Black.)

"At present the chief difficulty which the opponents of Formal Logic, if they want to be fair, have to contend with, is that so little express defence of it is to be found in the books." "Let us hope that some believer in its virtues will come forward and meet as directly as possible those parts of our whole case against the traditional teaching system which seem to him mistaken." Thus Mr. Sidgwick trails his coat; but Formal Logic has fallen upon evil days, and we doubt if any schoolman will take up the challenge. Time, not Cory-

"LEADER SCOTT." ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. MAARTEN MAARTENS. COULSON KERNAHAN. GERTRUDE ATHERTON. BEATRICE HARRADEN.
From Photographs by Montabone, Firènze; Guggenheim & Whitlock, Wolverhampton; Numa Blanc fils, Cannes; Willis, Southend; E. Le Mesurier and W. Marshall, Kensington; Elliott & Fry.

don, has conquered it. Mr. Sidgwick, however, makes very pretty play with the dead body. In construction his book appears to us less happy; but the student must reckon with it as a thoughtful contribution to the new School of Logic which relies upon premisses rather than upon processes, and teaches that mistakes in reasoning are mainly mistakes in the fact from which reasoning proceeds—that, in fact, the subject-matter contains—

> " things deeper than all lore
> You could teach me, *Barbara!* "

BY GREY OLD GARDENS. By Nellie B. Badcock. (Grant Richards.)

Miss Badcock's is confessedly a minor Muse, and has a sincerity which, if it were more common, would take all the insult out of that classification, since there can be good minor poetry as there can be good miniature painting. The poems in this volume are melodious and simple without affectation; some of them (one of the two entitled " Mary," for instance, and " Hannah," and " The Foolish Virgin ") touch thoughts which are really deep. In short, Miss Badcock, who affects no literary posturings, will slip past the critics and find, we hope, that audience of peaceable folk which is so much larger than the critics imagine, and in which a gentle and serious singer, once arrived, is safe.

BROTHER MUSICIANS. Reminiscences of Edward and Walter Bache. By Constance Bache. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

This joint biography of two remarkable brothers, to whom music in England owes a real debt, has been written in a mingled spirit of sisterly devotion and of calm, enlightened appreciation which is extremely rare. No one who knows the careers of Edward and Walter Bache will need to discount anything from this judicious account of them. There is no claim made for high genius—though the short-lived Edward possessed undoubted genius—but of their zeal, enthusiasm, and selflessness a most inspiring story is told. The two brothers were hardly contemporaries, and were subjected to entirely different influences, so that together their active careers present a continuous picture of the musical history of more than forty years of the late century, 1846-1888. Edward, who died at the age of twenty-five, in 1858, was a severe critic of the German school of his day, and keenly appreciative of the Italian. Let this not be set down altogether to the fact that he lived before the Wagner era. It probably meant something intensely individual, a native love of melody, modulation, above all, of design. It is possible that had he lived he might have kept his head high above the cloudiness, the formlessness, which accompany the modern German school, and detract from its greatness, and if we can think of him as doing so, with sympathy for that greatness, it is one more reason for regretting his early death. The younger brother, as is well known, was the devotee of Liszt in England, and one of the most stalwart pioneers for Wagnerian music and Wagnerian ideas. His devotion converted an easy-going, charming, light-hearted and not tremendously responsible young man into one of the very hardest workers of his age, into one who sacrificed every self-interest to the cause of his masters. It was not Bache, but one of his companions, who proposed after a performance at Meiningen that " they should all lie down on the ground for Liszt to walk over them." His devotion took a more practical and permanent form, and meant the constant sacrifice of time, money, and health to give the master the best hearing possible in England. His own high abilities he rated far too low; but he was quite happy in his humble service to men greater than himself, and it was with cheerfulness he proposed a new petition for the prayer-book—" Teach us, O Lord, to play the second fiddle."

HANS MEMBLINC. By W. H. James Weale. 5s. net. (Bell.)

Hans Memblinc, in common with many another Great Master, has suffered rather severely from those eager art-lovers who search for facts but are not sufficiently eager in verifying the same. And to this day histories, official notices, dictionaries, and such-like " sources of information " continue to repeat false statements which originated in mere conjecture or hastily accepted probability. Here, however, we have a volume which is the outcome of years of patient research among the archives of Belgium and Holland, of critical study of Netherland art, and intelligent observation of Memblinc's work and characteristics. To quote the author's own words, this biography is, he believes, " more accurate than in any work yet published. The date of a number of paintings has been established, and the persons for whom they were exe-executed identified; others, attributed to Memblinc on what appear to be insufficient grounds, have been rejected and the reasons for so doing given." In the whole of the British Isles there are but half-a-dozen examples of Memblinc's work—two, at least, of which are doubtful—the National Gallery containing but one Memblinc picture, and the shutters of a triptych. Many illustrations are included in this volume of the " Great Masters " Series, which give an excellent impression of the dignified, peaceful style of the artist's work.

THE UNICORN BOOKS OF VERSE. 2s. 6d. net each. (Unicorn Press.)

These are sent out in pretty, tasteful shape, and the recent specimens we have seen—Nos. 6, 7, and 8—are worthy of their dainty setting. Mr. W. H. Phelps's " Vigil and Vision " is a collection of well-made sonnets, the best ones inspired by other artists' work—by Whitman's " Leaves of Grass," by Maeterlinck's " Pelleas and Mélisande," by " Tristan and Isolde "—all of them evidences at least of refined poetic appreciation. In Mr. W. Hogg's " Bacchante and other Poems " there is more original force, and some of his nature poems are certainly first-hand in their inspiration. His song, " When pallid dawn comes up the sky," we remember with genuine pleasure. But perhaps most enjoyment is to be got out of Mr. Percy Osborn's " Rose Leaves from Philostratus, and other Poems," especially from the first section. These adaptations from the Greek are always artificial and mostly rather shallow, but within their limits very perfect. And their grace and fragrance have not vanished in Mr. Osborn's version.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY. Edited by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A. In Three Volumes. Vol. III. £7 7s. the set. (Cassell.)

Here we have the third and final volume of this really magnificent undertaking—a complete record of all the

pictures in the National Gallery, to the end of the year 1899. The present volume deals with the British Schools, and with the few works of modern foreign schools which are included in the collection. When it is realised that the Vernon and Tate collections, and the Watts gift, to speak of the most important groups, are here illustrated by the perfection of process-block work, together with full descriptions—and sometimes something more—from the pen of the editor, some idea may be gained of the high value of this quite unique work. Both editor and publishers have earned high praise for their heavy, but most successfully accomplished, labours.

CLUE: A GUIDE THROUGH GREEK TO HEBREW SCRIPTURE. By Edwin A. Abbott. 7s. 6d. net. (Adam and Charles Black.)

This "Clue" is the first part of a large work at which that indefatigable and ingenious scholar, Dr. Edwin Abbott, has been toiling for years. He is attempting such an analysis of the gospels as shall ascertain their relation to one another and to antecedent oral and written tradition. The present volume aims at demonstrating that portions of the Synoptic gospels are translated, or modified by translation from Hebrew documents. Those who are interested in the Synoptic problem will remember Prof. Marshall's clever solution of some of the discrepancies in the first three gospels by showing that they arise from different renderings of the same Aramaic word. Dr. Abbott's method is similar. He believes that these discrepancies arose from Hebrew mistranslated into Greek, and his book is mainly composed of instances which, in his opinion, prove his contention. These instances are amusingly ingenious, and are illustrated with the author's well-known scholarship, but while some are plausible they can scarcely be held as convincing. And of course it is *a priori* extremely unlikely that gospels or gospel fragments would be written in what was virtually a dead language for the people in the first century.

MANCHURIA: ITS PEOPLE, RESOURCES, AND RECENT HISTORY. By Alexander Hosie. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen and Co.)

Russia's seizure of the three provinces of Manchuria, as the special sphere of her influence, and perhaps something more, has awakened a desire to know a little of the country which cradled the reigning dynasty of China. For the satisfaction of that desire this book offers carefully sifted and suggestive information. For several years Mr. Hosie was British Consul at Newchwang, the Treaty Port of Manchuria, and has made an industrious and diligent use of his opportunities. He describes the products of the country, some of them new to European readers, the native industries, and the chief routes of travel. The three provinces occupy a position in relation to the Chinese Empire similar to that of the "Territories" in the United States of America, the badge of inferiority consisting, however, in the fact that the higher literary examinations cannot be taken in the provincial capitals, as in proper orthodox China. Perhaps this fact may give Russia a loophole of escape, when the integrity of the Chinese Empire is again seriously discussed. The country has great possibilities in many directions, and a comparatively small area of it is under cultivation. The Chinese population enormously preponderates, and the stream of emigration continues to flow thitherward. Labourers from two of the northern provinces of China go in their thousands to supply the dearth of labour in seed-time and harvest, just as Irish labourers come to some parts of our own country to assist in reaping the fields. Mr. Hosie speaks of the supineness and intellectual inferiority of the Manchus, and puts the difference between themselves and the Chinese down to the fact that the Manchus enjoy life-long pensions from the reigning dynasty. They are initiated into the doctrine of pensions almost from birth. In a recent number of an American review, Prince Kropotkin, who was an early pioneer on the Amur river, expresses the opinion that Manchuria will prove a barren possession for Russia, and that its annexation will weaken her. Mr. Hosie's valuable book conveys a very different impression. He estimates the trade of Newchwang at fifteen millions sterling per annum. Much gold is found in Northern Manchuria which is worked under very obstructive conditions. It is to be hoped that the gold of the Amur region will not make it into a Muscovite and Tartar Rand.

THE MAY BOOK. Compiled by Mrs. Aria. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mrs. Aria writes: "Let mine be the first word in this book, and let it be one of appreciation for the assistance that has been given to me in its compilation." The assistance has undoubtedly been very generous; and readers will echo Mrs. Aria, which is next best to having the first word. With such an array of famous names before us it was difficult to make choice of a page on which to begin; but to begin at the beginning, if ordinary, is also safe as a rule, and here we need make no exception. Mr. Henry James leads off with a short article on "A Saint's Afternoon" in Italy. His Royal Highness Prince Purachatra ends the procession of talent with a sketch of "My Father's Palace, Purachatra." Between these are facsimile poems by George Meredith and W. E. Henley, and stories, poems, and articles by Mrs. F. A. Steel, Thomas Hardy, H. B. Irving, Elizabeth Robins, Robert Hichens, Kassandra Vivaria, Richard Pryce, Barry Pain, Egerton Castle, Gertrude Atherton, Sarah Grand, Gilbert Parker, Max Beerbohm; illustrations by Burne-Jones, Millais, Onslow Ford, John Collier, Alfred Parsons, John Leech—to mention only a few of the delights which catch the eye as we re-turn the pages. The whole volume is a fine example of literary talent and careful production; and the object of compiler and contributors is to add a considerable sum to the funds of the Charing Cross Hospital, which is in real need of help.

POEMS OF THE UNKNOWN WAY. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The voice and the freshness of the sea is in Mr. Lysaght's verse. Memories of long water ways, of nights under the stars, of "magic of the twilight on the deep" are his best inspiration. He has been a wanderer, and his pictures are not mere study-made fancies; but he mingles his recollections with his experiences of life; and his main theme is the voyaging of a soul. The restlessness, the longing for home, the unquenched thirst of seeking, the question whether there is anything to seek, he expresses in words that will touch all wanderers:

> "Whose are the treasures of gold and silver,
> Theirs who venture, or theirs who stay?
> * * * *
> Content were they with their destined lot:
> We sought a greater and found it not.
> They bowed their necks to the yoke and fattened:
> We have wrestled with God, and God prevailed."

But the prevailing note is a thoughtful cheerfulness, a joy in the simple things of life, a desire for harmony among all its differences. Perhaps a common favourite in the book will be his "Psalm":

> "Ours be the church not built with hands,
> Whose corners are the seas and lands;
> Whose windows are the night and day,
> The rose of dawn, the evening gray."

IN TIBET AND CHINESE TURKESTAN. By Captain H. H. P. Deasy. Illustrated. 21s. net. (Unwin.)

This important and sumptuous volume we owe, first and foremost, to the fact that a man was filled with an irresistible desire to travel, and to travel in an unknown country. Captain Deasy was the man; in 1896 the desire became feasible; and the sight of the vast stretch marked "unexplored" on the map of Tibet fixed the goal. The expedition was undoubtedly one of immense difficulty and danger; but one of the most commendable features of the undertaking is the thoroughness—that outcome of untiring care and knowledge—brought to bear upon the preparations. The narrative of this three years of exploration, of country covered, rivers crossed, mountains ascended, dangers met, and hardships endured, forms fascinating reading; but in addition to the pleasure, the value of the descriptions of flora and fauna, of climate and trade, and kindred matters, is very great to the cause of science; while the remarks on Tibetan methods and Russian influence are by no means unimportant from a political point of view.

OCTOBER, 1891—SEPTEMBER, 1901.

ERNEST RHYS. WILLIAM LE QUEUX. BARRY PAIN. PROF. HERFORD. T. J. WISE. M. H. SPIELMANN.

From Photographs by Russell & Sons, Mendelssohn.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

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THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

JULY 15TH TO AUGUST 15TH, 1901.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CENTURY BIBLE, THE.—Romans. Edited by A. E. Garvie, M.A. 2/- and 3/- ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

CROZIER, J. BEATTIE.—History of Intellectual Development. Vol. III., 10/6 ..... *Longmans*
[Mr. Crozier has, for reasons which he gives in the preface, written the third volume of this notable philosophical work before the second. In this volume, in which he deals with Politics, Education, Government, Society, etc., his masterly insight, and handling of his subject is every whit as keen as in Vol. I. The third volume is dedicated to Mr. John Morley.]

JONES, JENKIN LLOYD.—A Search for an Infidel. 2nd Series, 6/- *Macmillan*

FICTION.

CAINE, HALL.—The Eternal City, 6/- ..... *Heinemann*

CAMPBELL, FRANCES.—Love, The Atonement, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
["A terrible thing for a man to remember his wife in connection with a crime—a crime of which he never dared to make mention; and to shield her, guilty as she was, he had given up his only son." As Lord Innismory was welcoming to her home his bride—his second—his son rushed between them. Half an hour afterwards Lady Innismory left the castle in the very carriage which had brought her there. Lovers of sensation will enjoy what followed.]

CASTLE, EGERTON.—"La Bella," and Others, 3/6 ..... *Macmillan*

CLIFFORD, MRS. W. K.—A Woman Alone, 3/6 ..... *Methuen*

CROUCH, A. P.—A Modern Slave Dealer, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*
[A story of the West African Islands, whither Ned Challoner went, with one eye to business and one to pleasure. He managed to see a good deal of both, and to win, after much excitement to the reader, a bride worth winning. Mr. Crouch has an easy, pleasant style, which gives an air of reality to all the thrilling incidents he relates.]

DOWIE, MENIE MURIEL.—Love and His Mask, 6/- ... *Heinemann*

DREISER, THEODORE.—Sister Carrie. The Dollar Library *Heinemann*
[On the first page we see Carrie Meeber leaving home for Chicago—her total outfit, "a small trunk, a cheap imitation alligator-skin satchel, a small lunch in a paper box, and a yellow leather snap purse, containing her ticket, a scrap of paper with her sister's address, and four dollars in money." When a girl leaves home at eighteen, she does one of two things. Either she falls into saving hands and becomes better, or she rapidly assumes the cosmopolitan standard of virtue and becomes worse. Which Carrie does is well worth finding out.]

FENN, CLIVE R.—For All Time, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[Jack Vane was a journalist, and felt that "that life of his was rather outside the pale." But throughout this story of love and plotting, and deadly mysteries, he gives signs of being almost preternaturally keen-sighted. He would have been quite an acquisition to Scotland Yard, and perhaps he would not have felt himself more utterly "beyond the pale" there. The characters in this story—at least, most of them—move in very high-class society, so high-class that they can—or do—do and say things that in less exaltedly-placed mortals might be even termed vulgar by some. "And you can stop?" says Violet. "If you can stop, father will let you have the Marquise." Once she even ventured to ride on a 'bus!—which did not stop.]

GERARD, MORICE.—A Black Vintage, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[Gilbert Leycelles is called, on the first page, "a derelict," and a little later, "the Devil's Secretary." As the Devil's Secretary he finds himself in some of the tightest places any man could well be in. Morice Gerard usually has a good story to tell, and tells it well.]

GRAY, MAXWELL.—Four Leaved Clover, 6/- ..... *Heinemann*

HANCOCK, A. ELMER.—Henry Bourland, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*
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HOPE, ANTHONY.—Tristram of Blent, 6/- ..... *Murray*

HOWARD, KEBLE.—The "Chicot" Papers. Illustrated. 1/- *Arrowsmith*
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KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON.—No Vindication, 6/- ..... *Long*

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YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

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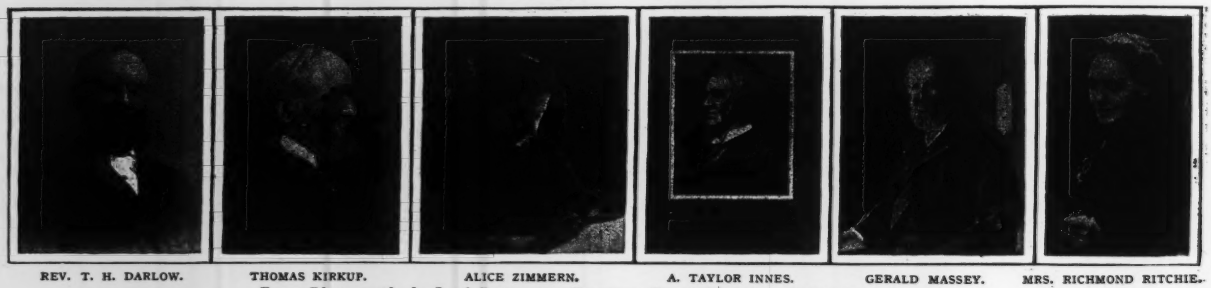

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[The great Chicago railway strike in 1894 supplies a sensational commencement for this story, in which intrigues, italics, and excitements are never lacking; in fact, they crowd almost as hard on each other's heels as do the spied upon and the spies in this tale of crime and love.]

MARLOWE, GEORGE.—Jesse, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[For six pages this "Realistic Fairy Tale" is written in the first person, after that we settle down suddenly, but consistently, to the third person. When Jesse Wentworth married he "placed the plain gold ring upon that small, sculptured hand, and led forth Regina—his wife." His pictures set people shaking, even in dentists' waiting-rooms. For that reason, and that one alone, we think he perhaps justified his existence. He gave his bride another plum that the stones on her plate might not count to "Never." "I shall not eat it," said Regina, with a ghastly smile. "We must not play with fate. What is doomed is doomed." She was not reflecting on the tart either. There is a lot of this kind of thing; the book is full of it.]

MARSH, RICHARD.—Both Sides of the Veil, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
[Eleven short stories, all more or less sensational and interesting. If the uncanny incident in "George Ogden's Will" could occur occasionally in our Law Courts, they would become the most interesting spot in London.]

MIDDLEMASS, JEAN.—His Lawful Wife, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
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SNEDDON, R. W.—A Frenchman in the Land o' Cakes, 6d. net *D. Bryce & Son*
[This kind of thing is all very well in the columns of a weekly newspaper, where the adventures of Alphonse afford some harmless amusement, when taken in small quantities, but we cannot think that it deserves the honour of separate publication, and we cannot imagine anyone reading more than one chapter at a sitting.]

STEPHENS, R. N.—The Continental Dragoon, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
[The Continental Dragoon was one of those concerned in a very interesting and eventful love-story, which was begun during the fourth year of the Revolutionary War in America. Elizabeth—yet another heroine of that name—Philipse was the other one concerned. She was a tartar, and no one less inured to warfare than the dragoon could have had the courage to win her. Mr. Stephens makes us wish novel writers would more often turn their attention to this period of history.]

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